THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, { EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1525.

Choice Poetry.

OCTOBER.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Not the light of the long, blue Summer,
Nor the flowery huntress, Spring,
Nor the chilly and moaning Winter,
Doth peace to my bosom bring,

Like the hazy and red October,
When the woods stand bare and brown,
And into the lap of the south land,
The flowers are blowing down.

When all night long, in the moonlight,
The boughs of the roof-tree chafe,
And the wind, like a wandering poet,
Is singing a mournful waif.

And all day through the cloud-armies,
The sunbeams coquettishly rove—
For then in my path first unfolded
The sweet passion flower of love.

With bosom as pale as the sea-shell,
And soft as the flax unspun,
And locks like the nut brown shadows
In the light of the sunken sun,

Came the maiden whose wonderful beauty
Enchanted my soul from pain,
And gladdened my heart, that can never,
No, never be happy again.

For away from life's pain and passion,
And our Eden of love, she went,
Like a pale star fading softly
From the morning's golden tent.

But oft, when the bosom of Autumn
Is warm with the Summer beams,
We meet in the pallid shadows
That border the land of dreams.

For, seeing my woe through the splendor
That hovers about her above,
She puts from her forehead the glory,
And listens again to my love.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DARK SECRET.

Question. Can nothing less than sinning sate the soul,
Can nothing but perdition serve to nest true hearts? *Festus.*
Answer. Man seeks happiness in low or unworthy objects;—that is his sin; he does not find it there;—that is his glory. *Dewey.*

"No, mother, do not light the candle, or I could never tell you—come, mother, sit with me on that low lounge under the window—yes—draw the curtain back—unclose the shutters—let the still, holy starlight in—there—so that I can dimly see your form while my face is in shadow. Put your arm around me, mother; let me lay my brow upon your soft shoulder—so—do not speak yet, mother; let me tell you as I should talk in a dream. Nay, I am in a dream; let me tell you before I waken, or before my mood changes, when the rack would not wring my secret from me. Are you listening, mother? Press me closer if you can, but do not speak—do not make me too wide awake—let me speak, act, as in a dream."

A gentler, closer embrace of the soft arm—a gentle kiss of the soft lips was the only answer. The day was near dawning. The mother and daughter were seated on the downy settee with their backs to the window. One of the mother's arms was around the waist of her child, whose forehead rested on her shoulder; her other hand clasped that of Imogene. Miss Summerfield commenced in a low, monotonous tone, like one indeed talking in sleep and fearful of waking.

"It is three years—nearly four, mother; since I went from home to school, is it not? Well, mother; I was joyous then, was I not? Life *seemed*—yes, life *was*, very brilliant, very dazzling to me! I was filled with enthusiasm and joy! Perhaps the highest joy I felt then, mother, was in the ardent admiration of my—of my—of Colonel Dangerfield. Wherever I might be, I seemed alike to walk in the light of a glorious vision; and the most glorious feature, the god of that vision was Colonel Dangerfield. Yes, mother, whether when I was packed into a close stage-coach on my journey to school, or in the crowded first-class room, or in the recreation grounds, or in the chapel, or the dormitory—wherever my body, or even my intellect might be, my spirit was roaming through palace, halls, grounds, with Dangerfield. The ring he placed upon my finger at parting, the miniature that he hung upon my bosom seemed to me holy as the holiest saint's relics. They were my talismans; I would clasp them in prayer; I walked apart as in a golden dream. Everything ministered to this one idea—Dangerfield. In all my occupations, amusements and studies, this was the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. Yes, this was the centre around which my whole life revolved. Did I read history? I saw nothing there so prominent as the noble Roman matrons, the noble wives of history, and said in my profoundest heart, even such a wife will I be to my noble American! Did I weary in any task? I looked upon my ring, upon his miniature, and said, for *thy* sake, for *thy* heroic sake, I will conquer repugnance, I will master this task; and then my heart would fire with enthusiasm, and the toil itself would cast a reflex pleasure, exquisite as profound. I did not mingle with my school fellows. All deep joy shuns levity as sorrow does—yes, *more* than sorrow does. Sorrow *may* seek to disguise or distract itself in levity, but earnest joy is always serious. So I walked apart in a golden dream. My companions called me haughty; my teachers charged me with absence of mind; and they were right. No nun among my teachers lived such an 'inner life' as I did. My life was 'hidden' indeed with—not with a 'heavenly,' but an *earthly* 'bridegroom.' Yes! I was indeed 'Glory's Bride'—in *imagination*.

"Dangerfield was my enthusiasm, my worship, my secret treasure, and I would be glad when my head was on the pillow, and the real world was dark and silent, was *gone* from me, and vista after vista of the ideal world, each more glorious than the other, would open before me 'in the bright pageant of a midnight dream.' The great cities of the earth, the kingdoms of the world, and the powers thereof, passed in rapid and dazzling succession—a magnificent panorama before my mind's eye—and first and last, and most glorious there, lighting up my dream as the sun lights up day, radiated—DANGERFIELD. Oh! can I make you see how splendid beyond one's brightest conceptions of heaven these all-glorious visions were?"

"You *loved* him, Imogene! Oh, Imogene! you loved him *so much!* You might have been happy as prosperous! Alas, what followed? I wait to hear."

A profound sigh, followed by a deep silence, answered her. At last,

"Do you recollect, mother, that I was scarcely fifteen years old then, and by no means precocious?"

"Yes, *yes*; I remember—but go on—or rather I mean—take your time, my dear child."

"Mother, I *loved* him *not*. I *never* loved him, never *could*, never *can* love him!"

"IMOGENE! are you then *indeed* mad? You give me the history of the most rapt and passionate devotion, and end by saying that you *did* not, *could* not, *can* not love the man!"

"Mother, was it thus you loved my father?"

"No, not with such enthusiasm; he was a most worthy man, and I loved him truly, soberly, and faithfully; for I was a widow at eighteen, and never re-married."

A long pause followed this, and then Imogene resumed the conversation.

"No, mother, not *so*; you *loved* my father; for you *loved*, and I did *not*—*my* passion, for it *was* a passion, if one ever fired a human soul—was of the imagination *only*—it was the fever, the enthusiasm, the very ecstacy of HERO worship!—nor more, nor less."

"Oh, Imogene! there is something behind yet."

"There is, and yet— Well! you know, mother; or perhaps you do *not* know, that the holy and secluded sisterhood are most voracious after news of the outside and unholy world! Of all the dwellers upon earth, they are the most inveterate gossips! They gossip with the elder girls, for from them after their return from visits out, they get the newest news, and to them they impart any morsel of interest that they, in the seclusion of their retreat, may have picked up from a casual visitor. Thence it fell out that from the sisters, at last, the elder girls found out the secret of my betrothal; and then one by one, and little by little, they sought to edge into my confidence. One young lady would inform me that her father had been chairman at the great dinner given to Colonel Dangerfield at Richmond; and saying that she believed he was of my neighborhood, would ask me if I were personally acquainted with him. Another would tell me that her eldest sister had been on the committee of ladies appointed to present Colonel Dangerfield with a sword from the ladies of Winchester. I always acknowledged the acquaintance, but did not encourage farther questioning; however much the glow that would kindle on my cheek might betray me. Sometimes I would come suddenly into the recreation room and find a group of girls discussing *him* and me! 'heiress of an immense fortune,' 'yes! already engaged;' 'yes, indeed! I guess he is! my father says he will be Secretary of War next term;' 'I heard my Uncle Peter say, that he would run for Governor at the next election,' &c., &c. Alas! mother, I suppose you think I tell you all these petty details to stave off as long as possible—*the truth*."

"Nay, courage, my Imogene; I have grown very calm; tell me now calmly what next?"

"I will tell you. I too am quiet now. I dreaded the telling of this story, or the commencement of it, as one dreads the first incision of the lancet; but now the pierce is past, the vein is opened, and the blood flows freely!"

"My child, talk plainly, quietly; do not indulge in such ghastly metaphors."

"I will not. I will go on soberly; for now methinks it is more like a dream than ever. Mother, I lived in that world of ideas, glory and joy, until typhus fever broke out in the school, and I was among its first victims. Our old Chaplain and Father Confessor died; a successor was appointed temporarily to fill his place. This happened before I was taken ill, yet the successor had not arrived yet. Mother, more than ever in the delirium of fever, was my mind absent from my body—not in a world of joy and glory as before, but in one every way the reverse. Visions of fire and smoke—vast sheets of flame scorched and suffocated me; visions of blood sickened me with disgust and horror; at one moment I was wrapt in the flames of a burning city, and at another sinking in a sea of gore. All the horrors of all the wars I had ever read of in history were re-produced and re-enacted around me. All the fields of carnage—all the sacked cities and murdered children—all—all the horror without the glory! And through all was that intolerable feeling of burning fire* and that insufferable, loathsome, suffocating *smell* of fresh blood! Oh! it was horrible! horrible! horrible! and more horrible than all, by a grotesque phantasy, as the presiding Demon of this hellish storm, moved hither and thither through smoke and flame and blood, the hideous, the blackened and deformed caricature of ——*Dangerfield!* Methought he gave the word of command that sped the cannon ball on its errand of destruction into the peaceful town; with the ubiquity of a dreamer I stood within a dwelling with the split and blackened walls still shivering around me; dead bodies in fragments lying about; gray haired women; little boys and young girls; innocent victims! and worse than all, oh! pitying angels, a *babe*, the sole survivor of the family—a young babe lay under a table with both its legs crushed off.*"

"Hush! hush! Imogene! those ghastly visions of your delirium! It was owing to the high fever—the blood in your head!"

"Sometimes my visions would escape from the poignant anguish of individual and detailed suffering, and lose themselves in a dilating horror, less painful because bewildering. It seemed that my demon-warrior and bridegroom had built me a throne of the bleeding bodies."

"Hush, hush, Imogene, you excite yourself, and terrify me—go on quietly, my dear—what next?"

"Mother, *this*—gradually, very gradually, the fire burned low; the fever cooled; the vision of flame and blood departed, leaving me only the haunting memory; then my soul fluttered—floated—wavered towards the light of consciousness and reason; still it was not a *recovery*, or an awakening, it was more like a healthful transition in a dream. I became quiet, cool, moist, half-conscious of a cool and vapory perspiration, and a pleasant slumber. A cool, delicious touch, like a snow flake on my brow, at last awoke me. I opened my eyes and looked up—living, sane, restored, happy—looked up to meet a pair of eyes brooding over mine—eyes so clear and pure in their beautiful depths, that it seemed I could look deep down a boundless heaven within. Those eyes!—I saw—I felt only those eyes—they were another vision to me—a vision of new life—of love—of joy—streams of light poured from their orbs into mine, illuminating, strengthening all my being. They talked to me so much in that instant of time. They said—'Awake! arise! put on thy strength, for thy Redeemer cometh.' They said—'Even as now has passed away that horrid dream of flame and blood, so will at last pass away all the crime and anguish of earth! And as now thou hast awakened cool and happy—so, at death, shalt thou awake from the fever dream of time to the life of heaven, and to the eternity of good.' Then the eyes set, as the stars go down, or else my eyes closed on them to open on another and a celestial *dream*. I heard a silvery rustle of pleasant voices—and saw a white-winged troop of angels—and lighting up the radiant brow of one were the beautiful, clear eyes of my guardian spirit. Methought they hovered around a *death-bed*, waiting the *birth* of the angel—and as they talked, it seemed to me that this *death* was the *second birth* spoken of in the Scriptures—that as the body is born into the material world in the first birth, so the soul is born into the spiritual world at death—the *second* birth—that the body must be delivered of the soul before the soul can inherit the kingdom of heaven! I realized then how death was the entrance into a vastly higher life. Mother! it is one thing to hear this said over and over again, until the words have no meaning, and another thing to realize it as a truth—as the new revelation of a truth!"

* *Fact.* Letter from Mexico.

Imogene paused, and then resumed—"So I floated about in the atmosphere of that silvery dream—bright, radiant, dazzling as a mist of liquid diamonds—and still the sun of that celestial union was the clear-eyed angel—showering rays of light as he moved. Such were the blissful visions of my reviving life."

Imogene stopped again. Day was dawning now. The early sounds of awakening life began to be heard—turkeys rustling out of their roosts in the trees close by the window, cocks crowing, geese cackling, and the muffled sound of cattle rising from their lair in the grass; and still Imogene paused, trembling, as it were, upon the verge of her revelation. And her mother silently pressed her hand.

"Mother, often by my bedside sat a form whose very presence diffused an atmosphere of health around me; often my dry, hot hand was clasped by a large, soft, cool palm, that seemed to have the power of allaying my fever; this was before I could converse, mother; and then at last a voice fell on my ear—a voice so full of melody—oh! of *more!*—of faith, hope, love,—of subdued joyousness—that my heart—which had lain torpid or frozen through all the enthusiasm of my hero-worship—my heart now stirred within my bosom, like a new being, awakened by, vibrating to—that sound. And, mother, when that gaze, and voice, and touch were absent from my side, my life would sink, struggle, rise, and sink again—the dark water of death surging around to engulf me. And my spirit would flutter over the surface of Hades like a dark bird over a darker sea. But when that hand and touch came again, it summoned me back to life—to Heaven. So, vibrating between death and life, doubt and faith, fear and hope, gloom and joy, my convalescence advanced; and ever I could hear of an angel of restoration, who went about with healing on his wings among the sick—the sinful or the desponding."

"Speak without metaphor, *if you can*, Imogene. Who, then, was this missionary?"

"He, too, I heard had left his books, and entered the army as a lad—or rather I should say, followed the army, for his post was always in the tents of the ill and dying, or upon the field, among the wounded; exposed to all the dangers of battle, yet never mingling in it. When the war was over, he returned to his books, to leave them soon, when a pestilence broke out in the city, and again his post was by the bedside of the sick and suffering, and such success attended his efforts, that many superstitious people believed his power to be miraculous; indeed his medical skill was great, and the greater part of those he attended in the two-fold capacity of physician of mind and body, recovered. It was faith in his *almost* miraculous skill that had summoned him to our convent."

"But who, then, was this missionary?"

"Ah, mother, have you not divined? This gifted son of God, was—*Claude Vellemonte!*"

"Our young pastor?"

"Yes!"

"Imogene, you are fantastical. Why here in our quiet neighborhood, Mr. Vellemonte has wrought the same miracles, if miracles you would call the wholesome effect produced by his fine manhood,—that healthful, beautiful, strong and potent harmony of body, soul, and spirit, that invests the possessor with almost miraculous power over the nerves, and hence over the minds and bodies of less perfect beings."

"He seemed to be charmed against 'the arrow that flieth by night, and the pestilence that walketh by noon-day.'"

"Well, my child! well! what has this to do with your—your secret—your sin?"

Miss Summerfield shuddered within her mother's embrace.

"Everything! *everything*, mother!—this man became—is *now*—the day star of my life! I loved—I love him *still!* Yes, with my whole body, soul, and spirit—with my whole being—he became—is now, the central life of my heart—the soul of my soul—the sensorium of my spirit—that part of me which shall be immortal—or I am crazy!"

The silence of the mother here was complete—absolute. A long pause ensued, and then she groaned out, rather than spoke—

"A priest at the altar! Oh, God! the sacrilege! the horror! the woe! Lost! lost child, why did you not struggle with it? Why did you not cling to your fidelity to Dangerfield?—to your enthusiastic hero worship, rather?—why did you not wrestle with this terrible sin?"

"*Wrestle*, mother!—preserve my hero-worship, mother? As well might night wrestle against the dawning of morning. As well might revellers, by keeping their torches alight, hope to put off the sun from rising, as I try to keep out this love by clinging to my hero-dream!"

"Oh, lost! lost girl!"

"I said it was bootless to struggle with this growing power, mother—but yet I *did struggle*—and suffered! I suffered! Mother, I had a fine vital temperament when I left home—had I not? My fore arm measured twice the size of my wrist. I had a fine complexion, too—see me now!—flesh all dried from me—consumed in the fervid heat of my—*remorse*. Oh, in chapel, after my recovery—in chapel, I have set through a service, without once lifting my eyes to the altar—knowing, feeling, that but to look upon him was guilt—feeling, even in the love of his voice a keen joy—a poignant, piercing, thrilling delirium of joy! quickly avenged by a horrible remorse. I absented myself from church; but can one escape from sin? No, no, the fever and the ague—the burning and the freezing of alternate joy and remorse—of anguish and ecstacy, convulsed my soul, even in solitude. Mother! mother! I am not exaggerating—this destroying excess of emotion was stronger than the strong words I have used to express it—yet I was not insane—this was a delirium of the nerves—a frenzy of excited passion—but not insanity—for though in this fever, flesh and blood were fused and dried away; yet never was my mind more active, more clear. I kept away from church, under the excuse of indisposition, which, indeed, was the truth, as my looks must have testified! Do you understand, mother, that it was *remorse* which I suffered from *most?*—*remorse* for feelings that I did not, or could not subdue! A sense of awful guilt; of awful sacrilege! Oh, mother, I was very nearly frantic—the more so, that I dared not unbosom myself to any one—I who for trifling error suffered such compunction that I had no rest until it was off my mind by confession and absolution—I now bore this burning sense of deepest guilt, and dared not cleanse my soul of it! Mother, with their clear-eyed charity and sympathy, the good sisters suspected that my malady was rather mental than corporeal, and so they tried to ease and cheer me; and lastly, mother, as the very climax of my trial, they sent Claude Vellemonte himself to talk to me. I made an excuse, and declined to receive him. Then, mother, I wrote to you, expressing a wish to return home—you came and brought me here. I tried to banish every thought, every memory of Claude. I prayed, fasted, tried to lose myself in study; tried to uproot one image in my heart, and plant another there! In vain, mother! I tried to look on Colonel Dangerfield as I had looked before—to love and venerate him—to believe I owed to him my very being. Oh, worse than vain. See, mother, what remorse has consumed my heart, for treachery to my betrothed husband! for my impious, my sacrilegious love for an anointed priest of God! And when, after months had passed—months of criminal love and consuming remorse, and I had nearly withered to the ruin I am now, we met again, suddenly, unexpectedly, at the bedside of my grandmother. When I met his eye—when he touched my hand—it was like a lightning stroke! The blood stagnated in my heart—I reeled—and for a moment, lost myself." She paused, and then resumed, very gently, in a lower, quieter key, and in a thin and silvery clear tone—"My mother, do you think I have been mad? Yes! since I left the convent—since my return home, I *have been mad* at times—sometimes frenzied with such a poignant sense of guilt, that I have thought in this sacrilegious love, I had committed the unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost—and then, indeed, I was often near betraying myself by breaking out into actual raving madness! Oh, often when you and others thought me so cold, so quiet, my superficial composure covered an internal storm, that threatened each instant to break out in open madness; therefore, mother, when you touched the subject of my secret anguish—therefore I had to escape, for my more than life, my sanity! for I was in momentary dread and danger of losing the slight but perfect self-control I exhibited. There was but a paper wall between me and raving madness! And I knew if this was once burst through, all was over with me! I knew if I should lose my self command I should also forfeit my self-respect, and the respect of others! And with all my guilt and remorse, I was haughty still! Mother, I dreaded to meet *him* more than death and perdition! I absented myself from church, and when he came to the house, I kept out of sight. I did not expect him here at the dinner party; he came, and therefore I was taken by surprise! But, mother, now the mystery again, for after the first shock of my nerves had passed, his glance, voice and touch had a magnetic power of tranquilizing and strengthening me—he affected me *now* as he had in the first hours of my recovery from death-sickness. Mother, I know not the spiritual mystery of what I next experienced, but it was this—I read God's mercy in his eyes—heard God's blessing in his voice—felt God's love in his touch. You saw how cheerful I was, mother. I retired to rest, and then came a re-action, a demon dream, from which you awoke me. Verily, 'we war not with flesh and blood, but with powers and principalities of darkness.' But, mother, that wholesome influence of yesterday evening has given me strength at last to confide in you, and I feel better for it—speak to me, dear mother."

Mrs. Summerfield sat silent for a long time—with her hands clasped together upon her knees—with her eyes strained upon her hands, and a look of unutterable anguish on her brow. She was appalled by what she, like Imogene, looked upon as a sin of the deepest die, for which earth scarcely contained a parallel or heaven a pardon.

"Speak to me, dearest mother! Tell me now what I am to do and I will do it."

"Oh! lost, lost girl! You say that you were not mad until after your return home! Alas! you have been mad from first to last! possessed of a devil one might almost think!"

"Patience, dearest mother! look on my poor worn face and you *will* have patience."

"Oh! Imogene, Imogene, this is the bitterness of woe!"

"Look at me, dearest mother."

"Oh, Imogene, my child, would that thou hadst died in thy cradle, in thy innocence!"

"Oh, that I alone could suffer now, my mother!"

"Oh, Imogene, would that *I* could suffer for thee! I *alone!* would that I could *die*, if that would cleanse thy soul from its black guilt!"

"One has done that for me, mother! calm yourself, mother—tell me, what shall I do?"

"Oh, Imogene, the tender arms of the holy mother church are ever stretched out in mercy, in supplication to her erring, her sinning, and suffering children! Your brilliant worldly prospects have vanished in darkness, Imogene! and with them all my earthly hopes of happiness! No matter for *your* lost splendid prospects, or my lost happiness, they weigh lighter than a feather against the heavy weight of this enormous guilt! Repent—confess—expiate! unless thou wouldst be wretched in the next world as in this! Seek the confessional on Sunday after vespers and pour this tale of sin into the ear of Father Burleigh! God and all His saints and angels be praised for the comfort of the confessional! There, poor sin-crushed child, thou must go!—Imogene!"

"My dearest mother!"

"I am half crazy with trouble. I have no confidence in my judgment just at this moment! but yours is an awful sin and must have an awful expiation! Imogene! I need scarcely demand it—yet—promise me that what ever the expiation may be that he assigns you—you will not shrink from it—you will go through it!"

"Oh! I will! I will! however severe!—however repugnant! however galling!—nay, the *more* severe, repugnant, galling, the more readily will I accept the penance—as I hope for pardon—as the Lord hears me!"

"Amen—embrace me, Imogene—nay, child, weep for yourself not for me—I am not well now, Imogene, but—but, I shall get over this!"

The sun was now up and shining broadly and brightly into the chamber. The mother and daughter, sorrowful but calm, and understanding each other, separated to perform their morning toilets. As Miss Summerfield opened the door of her mother's chamber leading out into the hall, a dark form suddenly sprung away and fled down the passage too swiftly to be recognized in the dusky hall where the window blinds yet remained closed. It was with a feeling of vague foreboding that Miss Summerfield now sought her room.

That morning after breakfast the remaining visitors departed, leaving the family at Red-Stone Hall to the quietness of their domestic circle.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CURSED WITH SUCCESS.

Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself
And falls on the other side. *Shakspeare.*

Now in despite of pride
'T were worse than bondage to become his bride.
Oh that this dotage of his breast would cease,
Or seek another and give mine release.
Byron.

Sina Hinton had outwitted herself if ever an intriguante did; she had done too much and too well; she was cursed with too much success. Wishing to banish the daughter completely from her father's heart and home, she had exiled Ardenne, broken the heart of Winny, and so opened the bosom of Squire Darling for the reception of his suffering child; that was failure the *first*. Then having wished to supplant that banished child in the home, heart, and fortune of her father, she had played her part so well, that instead of adopting her as his daughter, the fat and rosy old squire must needs fall desperately in love with her and woo her as his wife!—lastly having essayed through the morbid conscience and guilty fears of the priest to obtain a perfect command of him, and through him of his most powerful parishioners, she had overdone the thing so completely as to terrify the poor old man into dotage and imbecility—thereby rendering him unfit for her use.

Now could Sina have kept herself the pure abstraction of diabolical intellect that she had been before, she had yet possessed the satanic power of working out of all these difficulties and profiting by her past mistakes. But under the influence of a human love, however little it might deserve the name, the demon-girl lost much of her power. And this was the rise and progress of Sina Hinton's weakness. From the first moment that she had set her eyes on Colonel Dangerfield, his martial figure, handsome face and gallant bearing, had strongly attracted her. For some time she resisted this fascination and resisted it successfully; not because he was the betrothed of another, and it was morally wrong, but because he was the betrothed of another, and it was useless and dangerous to her own peace and prospects. Therefore she wrested her thoughts from this perilously charming officer and fixed them upon her plans of personal aggrandizement. So time passed; but as it passed she found out an estrangement between the betrothed pair, and with the newly revealed possibility her hopes arose, and with her hopes her passion; and with her passion her scheming began. Sina Hinton was always a regular attendant at church. It was not likely that a young lady so *point devise* in matters of propriety should neglect public worship. Colonel Dangerfield from—not any very fervid religious feeling—but from a habit of childhood and youth, not to be broken now, was always punctual in his attendance on divine service. His pew was quite on the opposite side of the building to that of the Summerfield family, but it was side by side with Squire Darling's pew, of which, since the marriage of Winny, the infirmity of the old lady, and the illness of the squire himself, Miss Hinton was the sole occupant. Now as Colonel Dangerfield would sit in that pew so cold and stern, he would sometimes catch a pair of large, dark, tender eyes fixed in mournful sympathy upon him, which would drop their long lashes upon a crimsoning cheek quick as detected. Such beautiful eyes! they were veiled from his sight only to haunt his memory. Hush!—he would not whisper to his own *heart*—he would not listen if his heart whispered it to *him*—that there was anything but accident in what made that corner of the pew where he could lean at ease and *see*, without looking at, those shadowy eyes—*so comfortable*. Nonsense! there was nothing in it! *that* corner fitted his back, and the *other* the opposite corner was some how—*left handed*—I know not to *what*, unless it was to Sina Hinton's soft dark eyes! But sometimes when the Summerfield pew on the other side of the church happened to be empty, Miss Hinton would prefer to sit there; and some how or other he would find his old position uncomfortable, and a change to the "left handed" corner of his pew an inevitable necessity to rest himself. There was nothing in *that* either. It was very natural he should get tired of one position after a while, and as to his turning around like a needle to the magnet of Sina's dark eyes, *that* was preposterous! he had known Miss Hinton a year, and it was too absurd to think of falling in love with her *now*. True, however, he had never seen those haunting eyes till lately. The third Sunday, Sina Hinton purposely absented herself from church to give him a chance of knowing how it would feel to miss her. And in truth, *that* Sunday—it must have been because his new suit of broad cloth was not a good fit—"those cursed tailors are so awkward,"—but *no* seat in the pew was comfortable!—he tried *both* corners, each of which was infinitely worse than the other!—then he tried the middle of the pew, which was no better!—and with all he was afflicted with a creak in the neck and an obliquity of vision that continually turned head and eyes in the direction of the front door! This grew a little better, however, as the service commenced and progressed. I think that sermon did Colonel Dangerfield much good;—the seed this time fell upon good ground and brought good fruit, as you shall presently see. The text—"For I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not," and the sermon by the inspired and eloquent Claude Vellemonte was upon Christian Charity and Brotherly Love. Immediately after the sermon, my colonel gets into his carriage and is driven towards home. But after being driven eight miles on the road and within one mile of his own magnificent home—when he came to a cross road leading into Oak Grove, he calls the coachman and tells him to turn to the left, with the benevolent intention of visiting and cheering Squire Darling, then laid up with his bruises.

He drove up to the front door, alighted and entered the hall. Sitting reading in the hall was Miss Hinton. A quick flash of malign mirth, triumph and joy, irradiated her face as she saw him, and then it quickly passed away. Rising, she met him with her own peculiar grace, and invited him into the parlor. He spent an hour with her there—he thought it was only five minutes. Then she sent to see if Squire Darling had awakened from his mid-day sleep. And soon the squire came hobbling in. Colonel Dangerfield was pressed to stay to dinner; and Colonel Dangerfield—the sermon fresh in his mind—kindly staid; nay, he did more—he spent the whole afternoon and evening, and rode home by starlight, having first promised to come frequently—a promise that he performed faithfully. Now, be it remembered that our squire had not Miss Sina Hinton's lynx eyes, and swift and sure apprehensions—*he* knew no more than the man in the moon of any estrangement between his niece and her betrothed. If they did not hurry themselves in getting married, he thought it was because they were not quite ready, or rather, perhaps, he never gave the subject a thought at all. At all events, his impression of Colonel Dangerfield was that of his being a married, or a half married man, and therefore safe; *for*, believe me, no other young man could have visited his house so frequently, without exciting the jealous suspicions of the mature lover.

It was not until his visit to Oak Grove, and upon the day of the dinner-party, when missing Colonel Dangerfield from the company, he had been led to put some questions to Mrs. Summerfield relative to the reason why the gallant colonel was not present; why the marriage did not come off; when it was expected to take place, etc. By her replies—cautious as they were—he learned, to his consternation and great alarm, the estrangement between Dangerfield and Imogene. And his suspicions once aroused, they fairly outstripped the truth, and now he believed that Miss Hinton, in the spirit of coquetry, had wilfully and wantonly come between the betrothed couple, and wiled away the affections of the lover from his mistress. Oh! what a generous rage he was in! He swallowed it! He kept silent! not for the world would he have breathed one word of his suspicions to Mrs. Summerfield. No! he meant to avenge his own wrongs, and those of Imogene, in silence, himself. He meant to punish the coquette—but—as he meant to marry her also, not one syllable would he breathe against her good name—not one word that would lower the high opinion he knew his sister held of her. Oh, no! Squire Darling, with all his coarseness, was far too proud for *that*. His prospective wife must be actually *sans reproche*, even if she did not merit to be. She had wronged him, and he would deal with her for it; but his wrong and his vengeance should be a secret between himself, his love, and God. He took a cheerful leave of his sister and niece, making them promise to visit him soon at his house, he bade an affectionate adieu to his mother and little daughter, telling them that as soon as ever Winny should be able to leave her room he would come to fetch them home; he bade good-bye to Sina Hinton, saying that the carriage would return in the afternoon, to convey her to Oak Grove; and so he left Red-Stone Hall. Miss Hinton had promised Mrs. Summerfield to remain there that day until sunset; and at sunset the carriage having returned, she also took leave of the Summerfields, and left Oak Grove.

It was bright starlight when the carriage rolled through the gates and up the straight gravel road to the front of the old grey Hall. Miss Hinton skipped out and tripped up the old mildewed stone stairs, quite innocent of any suspicion of the scene awaiting her.

Old Uncle Kill met her in the hall, and bowing low, said, "Miss Hinton, marster 'sired me to 'form you soon as you comed home, Miss, how he'd 'quest de favor of your comp'ny in his own 'partment!"

"Which, Achilles?" asked Sina, cheerfully—"the library, his study, the parlor?"

"De library, Miss Hinton, if you please; I'll light you up."

"Go on before, then, Achilles," said Miss Hinton, stepping lightly after the old man up the stairs.

It was a long, snug room, carpeted, and with a great oak fire on the hearth; Squire Darling was standing with his back to the chimney—standing in the very same attitude the recollection of which used to amuse poor Winny so much—when Miss Hinton entered the room. He stepped forward to meet her immediately—and taking her hand drew her up before the fire; standing with his back to the fire he set her before him, placed his hands upon her slight shoulders, and looked down full in her face. Sina was not annihilated, nor did she lose her presence of mind—she dropped her sweeping black lashes over her dark elfin eyes, and compressing her lips and holding her breath, forced up as charming a blush of bashfulness as ever beguiled a simple country squire out of his senses! Ah! bewildering was Sina then, with her slight but elegant figure perfectly shown by the closely fitting blue-black satin dress—with her long black lashes sweeping the now crimson cheeks—the crimson lips compressed, and the long black ringlets drooping from her brow and falling upon her small but beautifully rounded bust.

"Come, look up at me, Sina; I want to see your face."

Sina raised her large dark eyes with an expression of brooding tenderness to his face, to his eyes. He slightly trembled, like an agitated great jelly, at the witchery of that challenged gaze.

"Well, sir! I am looking at you!"

"Oh-o-e-o-oh! um-m-m-m!" groaned, blowed the squire, with the perspiration starting on his brow.

"*Well*, sir! I'm looking at you!"

"I know you are, you little witch! I *feel* it, you little galvanic-battery! Drop your eyes this moment, and let go my hands; do you want to kill me outright?"

"*You* have *my* hands, sir."

"So I have! I swear I did not know the difference. Sina! witch! sorceress! imp! elf! what kin are *you* to Satan?"

"You are my cousin, are you not, sir?"

"Yes! you Flibbertigibbit."

"Then I guess he was my uncle!"

"Hum. I shouldn't wonder if there was some impudence behind that! if one could get the time to make it out! Sina!"

"Sir!"

"Why the zounds is it, that when in a fit of very righteous indignation, I send for you—to take you to task—to lecture you; you look but in my eyes, and I am disarmed; you speak to me, and I am your slave! Oh, Sina! I cannot scold you now—I forgive you, Sina. *Love me!* do love me, child—my beauty! My sweet, wild bird, do not flutter away from my bosom! *love me!* take my whole fortune—take everything. I have everything you want; only *love me!* Oh, Sina! are you ambitious? are you fond of distinction? of admiration?—as it is indeed but natural that a young vivacious girl like you *should* be? Oh, Sina, if you are, I will satisfy your ambition, your girlish love of distinction and admiration to the very utmost! You shall have the handsomest establishment and equipage in the whole State. I will pull down this old house, Sina, and rebuild it on a scale of magnificence, that shall eclipse 'The Soldier's Rest'—the famous seat of Colonel Dangerfield—(set fire to him!) Oh, Sina! he does not love you as I do! You will find that out, yet! he who can trifle with Harriett—hold on to Imogene, and coquet with you. He does not love you as I do; for what woman do I seek, but you? Every face looks flat to me but yours—every woman seems common-place to me but you! Oh, Sina! do not treat my heart like it was a piece of tough beefsteak! you do, you bloody-minded little tyrant! You *cut* it this way, and *slash* it that way—and *pound* it tender, and then lay it on the the coals to *broil*—giving it a *turn* sometimes—Fizz-z-z! Oh, Sina! have mercy! mercy!" said the possessed squire, sinking exhausted into a great arm chair—his fair brow and fat rosy cheeks streaming with perspiration and tears, as he held out both arms to his little evil sprite—"Come! oh, come! give me a kiss; my heart is hungry—come to my bosom once; my heart is starving—I'm a fool, a jackass! I know it well while I'm talking."

Miss Hinton wasn't Titania; she hadn't taken the love potion, and was not enamoured of the jackass. She didn't "come." On the contrary, she walked composedly to the other side of the room, pulled the bell-cord, waking a peal of rings, and returning to the fire-place, drew a chair to the corner, set her feet upon the fender, propped her elbow on her knees, and leaning forward dropped her head upon her hand, in an attitude more weary than graceful.

"Now then, what the mischief is *that* for?" asked the squire, dropping his arms, sighing, or rather blowing violently, and gazing at her with watery red eyes.

Before she could reply, a servant entered the room in answer to the bell.

"Is tea nearly ready?" asked Miss Hinton.

"Yes, Miss."

"Tell Minerva to have it up in this apartment, and to make haste, for I am weary and nearly exhausted."

"Yes, Miss;" and the man disappeared.

"Are you, Sina, my dear—are you so tired? Come here, Sina, my little girl—let me lay your little black head on my bosom, and I will rock you until you are rested. Come, Sina! my heart is bursting—give it some relief!"

And Miss Hinton edging cautiously around the room, reached the back of the big chair, and dropping her hands upon his shoulders, while he could not see her witching countenance, cooed as follows:

"My dearest, dearest friend—my benefactor—my more than father—believe me, I esteem and venerate you beyond all others on earth. I will be your daughter, your maid-servant. I will live with you always, and serve you faithfully—but—but—but—" here Sina dropped her forehead upon the back of the chair; "but *do not* talk to me of love. It is not right. I am a great deal too young for you, and too silly. How would your sister like it?"

"D— my sister!" growled the squire.

"Do not say so—how indeed would your *daughter* and *son-in-law* approve it?"

"Satan fly away with my son-in-law! What has *he* to do with it? Come! I see how it is!—you wish to put me in a rage! '*Son-in-law!*' I'm astonished at you, Miss Hinton! never allude to that pernicious fellow again!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Believe me, it was inadvertent. I am extremely sorry!"

"*Son-in-law! ha!* the d—l! you've added another reason to the many I have already for hating him!"

"Oh, sir, forget it! I am very much grieved!"

"I'll forget it, Sina, if you will come round here and sit on—"

"Squire Darling! my dear friend, my more than father—"

"Zounds! don't keep telling me that! '*more* than father!' presently she'll say I'm her *grand*-father!"

"My kind, noble *benefactor!*—listen to me—listen to me—I will be a daughter to you—"

"Fudge! who wants you to be my *daughter? daughter* indeed! *My* daughter and somebody else's *wife!* Ha! set you up with it! and somebody else, too! No! you shall be *my* wife and anybody else's daughter you please! Come, you have raised a conflagration in my heart, Sina! It is not to be extinguished with a few tears. You should not have done it! Young girls should be careful how they creep into a heart like mine! it is very apt to close upon them! to become their prison—yes, and their inquisitorial fiery dungeon at that! You must be my wife, Sina! I positively will take no denial! none! Come around here, Sina, and sit by me! Come!—why the girl seems to have no confidence in me—*none!*"

"Squire Darling, I will come and sit by you, but you must remember that you are a Virginian gentleman, and that no gentleman of this chivalrous State ever was known to offer insult—I mean to give distress to any woman—orphaned—helpless—unprotected and his guest!"

"Come, Sina, come sit by me! I will try to keep my senses if I can! Oh! Sina, Sina, Sina, Sina, you ring in my ears like the burden of a tune! Come!"

She came around and drawing the chair to his side sat down.

"I must talk to you right seriously, Sina, if I can keep my head from splitting! You've bedevilled me, girl! You have been with me two years. During that time you have been to all intents and purposes mistress of my house and servants—during all that time I showed you all the respect due from a host to his lady guest—did I not?"

"Oh, you did! you did!" said Sina, clasping her hands with a touching air of gratitude.

("Yes you *did*, you ugly old brute! you made love to me all the time as much as I would let you!") was the mental addition.

"But, Sina, you pretty little kitten! you wouldn't leave me alone—not you! You'd come purring around me, and putting your little velvety paws upon me, and nestling close to me, and singing softly to me, and all in such an innocent, kittenish, bewitching way, that—that—confound me! if I can help catching the pretty black kitten to my bosom, let her bite and scratch and claw ever so much!" and forgetting Virginian chivalry, honor, gallantry, hospitality, he suddenly caught the girl to his bosom nearly crushing all her little bones in his bear like hug, and half suffocating her with kisses—exclaiming between them—

"Aye, scratch and claw, my little bramble bush!—spit and snarl, and bite, my little kitten! Hey! my little sal-ammonia! but you are sharp! you are piquant! you are exhilarating! Ha! I wonder if these sweet lips—no, these fragrant, poignant lips of yours are not that fountain of youth at which I shall recover youth again!"

"I'll! I'll *kill you!*" exclaimed the enraged and half suffocated girl.

"Kill away, my tigress! kill away, my sprite. Oh! it is so good to be scratched and bitten by you! It must be heaven of heavens to be killed by you!"

Sina suddenly ceased to struggle, burst into tears, and dropping her head on his shoulder, sobbed violently. And he ceased to worry her, and stooping over her stroked the dishevelled hair from her brow and said, soothingly,

"Sina, my little girl, *hush*—don't weep—I love you, Sina—my love is honorable if ever man's love was. It seeks to do you no ill, nor wrong, it seeks to enshrine you in honor and safety. I *must* marry you, Sina! Make up your mind to it, my little girl! for there is positively no alternative. I *must* marry you, my little girl, but that will be the very first and last arbitrary act I ever did or ever will show you. Oh, Sina, I will be so good to you if you will only be my dear little wife. Child! I will love and cherish you more tenderly than man ever did woman before. Such a good husband as I will be to you, Sina! Your every wish shall be a law to me and mine!"

All this time Sina was lying in his arms, her head upon his shoulder, sobbing as if her heart would break, while he continued speaking softly,

"Child, haven't you heard the old ladies say 'It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave?' I know my rival, Sina! It is Dangerfield (curse him). Little girl, will *he* love you as I shall? I am not only faithful, I am *faith*. And he a young, gay, handsome, celebrated officer of rank in the army. Sina, he'll never be true to you. You'll have half-a-dozen unworthy rivals. No! he'll never love you as I do—never! and it is more necessary to a woman's happiness that she *be* loved than that she *loves*. Come, Sina! forgive my roughness! I loved you so dearly. God help me! it was an irresistible temptation!—the Virgin pardon me! —to have you sitting there with your hands folded, and your face sparkling between your black ringlets turned up to mine! forgive me, Sina! with all my rudeness and all your beauty, nothing would have tempted me to treat any woman so, whom I did not intend to marry in spite of all heaven, earth, and hell!"

"Oh! my dear benefactor, forgive *me*," said the wily girl, "for I have been violent too—but you do not know how dear a—never mind! You—you will kindly give me a few days to think. Dangerfield, your rival! My dear benefactor, how easily these mysteries are unravelled when one has the key to them. Think now of Colonel Dangerfield seeking me to induce me to use my influence with Miss Summerfield in his behalf—for Miss Summerfield has discarded him, while he is still passionately attached to her!"

"Dis—! what *him!*"

"Yes! but this is *almost* a breach of confidence, which neither the Colonel nor the Summerfields might like. I tell you this to tranquilize you, that is my only excuse. Pray do not mention it to any of the family unless they first name it to you!"

"Dis—! *Well!* Now, Sina, say! Oh, Sina, say! You'll be my dear little wife, won't you? Don't keep me on the tenter hooks of suspense any longer. Don't torture me again! Come! speak; you *will*, won't you?"

"My dear protector, please give me two days to think of it; will you?"

"Well, well! if I must, I must, without any sort of doubt. Here they are with tea."

And at that moment Nerve and Kill entered with two waiters, to arrange the table. As soon as tea was over, Miss Hinton excused herself, and retired; while Squire Darling communed with himself to the following effect. "What Sina says, may be all very true; and in the main I believe it is; but then again, I do not like the fellow poking about here so often; and if Imogene has really discarded him—what ever could possess the girl to do it? why next thing he'll be for consoling himself with some other woman. And what woman so likely as Sina? Finally! confound him! I owe the man nothing! I am under no obligation to receive the man here! my house is my castle—and—hospitality be sunk where the sacredness of hearth is concerned! *Ergo!* I'll forbid the fellow the house! and if he wants to know the reason, I'll tell him!" And the next day proved the squire quite as rude as his word.

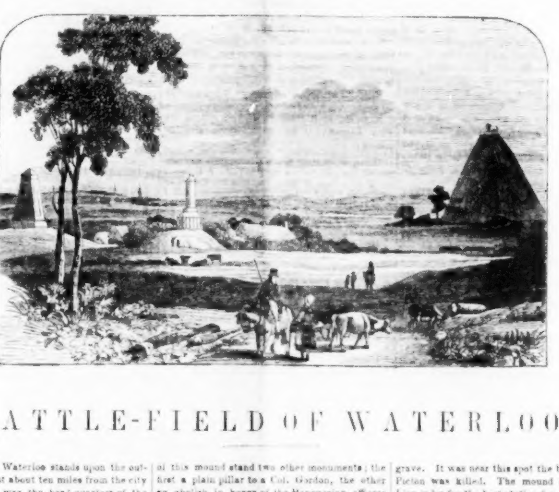
Miss Hinton was sitting at an upper front window the next morning, when Colonel Dangerfield rode up. He bowed low as the mane of his horse, in answer to her nod and smile of welcome. When he alighted, she left the room and came to the head of the stairs, from whence she heard his brisk knock, saw a servant go to the door, heard his deep-toned voice enquire, "Is Squire Darling at home?" and the false answer, "No, sir." "Let Miss Hinton know then, that I am here," said the Colonel, preparing to enter. But the man held the door in his hand, and replied, in the face of the truth, "Miss Hinton is not at home, sir. She left here this morning with my master, to go to Red-Stone Hall!" Miss Hinton's face kindled with indignation, and she made one bound with the intention of running down stairs to refute the falsehood, when she felt her waist clasped from behind, and the hard voice of Squire Darling saying,

"No you don't, my darling! What you told me last night I believe to have been true—but then it related to the past, and perhaps the present, but gave no earnest for the future. 'Fore wit is better than after wit'—'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'—and—'It's foolish to lock the stable-door after the steed is stolen.' Ergo, I practice 'fore wit;' I keep my 'bird in the hand,' and I secure my stable-doors *before* 'the steed is stolen;' so be easy, my little girl!"

The fell girl's brow grew black as night, as she turned away from him to conceal her rage, and sought her chamber. Squire Darling staid home all day. That night, after the family had retired to rest, the dark girl stealthily left her chamber, (securing the door on the outside,) passed silently down the stairs, out of an end door, entered the stables, saddled a horse, and rode swiftly from the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.



BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO.

The village of Waterloo stands upon the outskirts of the forest about ten miles from the city of Brussels, and was the head-quarters of the English army on the days before and following the memorable battle to which it has given its name. The little church and churchyard are crowded with melancholy memorials of English officers. It contains nearly thirty monuments to those who fell. Among the curiosities of Waterloo is the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, and the house where it was cut off, *in which* is preserved the boot! Upon leaving the village of Waterloo the road soon reaches an open country, unenclosed and almost entirely without trees; it ascends a gentle rise and passes the farm house of Mont St. Jean, which was noted as the hospital during the battle. The mound to the right of the engraving, surmounted by the Belgic Lion, by far the most prominent object in the field, marks the spot supposed to be the centre, and consequently the most deadly part of the fight. Far away to the left of this mound stand two other monuments; the first a plain pillar to a Col. Gordon, the other an obelisk in honor of the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion who fell at this point. The large tree on the left is the Wellington elm, so called, from a report that the Duke had placed himself beneath it during the action. About half way down in the hollow which separated the two armies, and in which the most bloody combats took place, is the farm of La Haye Sainte. It was first occupied by the soldiers of the German Legion and gallantly defended till their ammunition was exhausted; when they were literally cut to pieces, and it was captured by the French, who could not, however, keep possession of it long. A terrible carnage took place in the house and garden, and the building was riddled with shot. Close to this house is shown the grave of Shaw, the heroic Life Guardsman, who killed nine Frenchmen with his own hand in the battle. Not far off a vast accumulation of bodies of men mixed with horses, were buried in one common grave. It was near this spot the brave General Picton was killed. The mound of the Belgic Lion is by far the best station for surveying the field. It is a vast tumulus, 200 feet high, beneath which the bones of friends and foes lie heaped indiscriminately together. The lion was cast from cannon taken in the battle. The stranger visiting the field is immediately beset by a horde of people calling themselves guides, he has no sooner escaped from them than he falls into the hands of the relic hunters. The furrows of the plough each year turn up many memorials of the fight, half consumed rags, buttons, bullets, fragments of accoutrements, bones, skulls, etc., and when the real articles fail, the venders are at no loss to invent others, so that there is no danger of the supply being exhausted. The best guide is his own quiet thought, that will suffer him undisturbed to muse on all the glory and shame of Waterloo—until he hears in imagination the wild cries and roar of the battle, and, then, the wilder shrieks of the dying.

Selected Articles.

THE IMPRISONED LADY.

FROM "BURKE'S ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY."

Lady Cathcart was one of the four daughters of Mr. Malyn, of Southwark and Battersea, in Surrey. She married four times, but never had any issue. Her first husband was James Fleet, Esq., of the City of London, Lord of the Manor of Tewing; her second, Captain Sabine, younger brother of General Joseph Sabine, of Quinohall; her third, Charles, eighth Lord Cathcart, of the kingdom of Scotland, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the West Indies; and her fourth, Hugh Macguire, an officer in the Hungarian service, for whom she bought a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the British army, and whom she also survived. She was not encouraged, however, by his treatment, to verify the resolution, which she inscribed as a posy on her wedding-ring:

"If I survive,
I will have five."

Her avowed motives for these several engagements were, for the first, obedience to her parents; for the second, money; for the third, title; and for the fourth, submission to the fact that "the devil owed her a grudge, and would punish her for her sins." In the last union she met with her match. The Hibernian fortune-hunter wanted only her money. Soon after their marriage, she discovered her grievious mistake, and became alarmed lest the colonel, who was desperately in love, not with the widow, but with the "widow's jointured land," designed to carry her off, and to get absolute power over all her property; to prepare for the worst, her ladyship plaited some of her jewels in her hair, and quilted others in her petticoat. Meanwhile the mistress of the colonel so far insinuated herself into his wife's confidence, that she learned where her will was deposited; and Macguire getting sight of it, insisted on an alteration in his favor, under a threat of instant death. Lady Cathcart's apprehensions of the loss of her personal freedom proved to be not without foundation; one morning, when she and her husband went out from Tewing to take an airing, she proposed, after a time, to return, but he desired to go a little further. The coachman drove on; she remonstrated, "they should not be back by dinner-time."

"Be not the least uneasy on that account," rejoined Macguire; "we do not dine to-day at Tewing, but at Chester, whither we are journeying." Vain were all the lady's efforts and expostulations. Her sudden disappearance excited the alarm of her friends, and an attorney was sent in pursuit, with a writ of *habeas corpus* or *ne exeat regno*. He overtook the travellers at the inn at Chester, and succeeding in obtaining an interview with the husband, demanded a sight of Lady Cathcart. The colonel, skilled in expedients, and aware that his wife's person was unknown, assured the attorney that he should see her ladyship immediately, and he would find that she was going to Ireland with her own free consent. Thereupon Macguire persuaded a woman, whom he had properly tutored, to personate his wife. The attorney asked the supposed captive, if she accompanied Colonel Macguire to Ireland of her own good-will? "Perfectly so," said the woman. Astonished at such an answer, he begged pardon, made a low bow, and set out again for London. Macguire thought that possibly Mr. Attorney might recover his senses, find how he had been deceived, and yet stop his progress; and in order to make all safe, he sent two or three fellows after him, with directions to plunder him of all he had, particularly of his papers. They faithfully executed their commission; and when the colonel had the writ in his possession, he knew that he was safe. He then took my lady over to Ireland, and kept her there, a prisoner, locked up in his own house at Tempo, in Fermanagh, for many years; during which period he was visited by the neighboring gentry, and it was his regular custom at dinner to send his compliments to Lady Cathcart, informing her that the company had the honor to drink her ladyship's health, and begging to know whether there was anything at table that she would like to eat? The answer was always—"Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has everything she wants."

Lady Cathcart had some remarkably fine diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, and which she was anxious to get out of the house, lest he should discover them. She had neither servant nor friend to whom she could intrust them, but she had observed a beggar who used to come to the house, she spoke to her from the window of the room in which she was confined; the woman promised to do what she desired, and Lady Cathcart threw a parcel, containing the jewels, to her.

The poor woman carried them to the person to whom they were directed; and several years afterward, when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty, she received her diamonds safely. At Colonel Macguire's death, which occurred in 1764, her ladyship was released. When she was first informed of the fact, she imagined that the news could not be true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her. At the time of her deliverance she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her; she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupefied; she said that she scarcely knew one human creature from another; her imprisonment had lasted nearly twenty years. The moment she regained her freedom she hastened to England, to her house at Tewing, but the tenant, a Mr. Joseph Steele, refusing to render up possession, Lady Cathcart had to bring an action of ejectment, attended the assizes in person, and gained the cause. At Tewing she continued to reside for the remainder of her life. The only subsequent notice we find of her is, that at the age of eighty she took part in the gayeties of the Welwyn Assembly, and danced with the spirit of a girl. She did not die until 1789, when she was in her ninety-eighth year.

In the mansion-house of Tempo, now the property of Sir John Emerson Tennent, the room is still shown in which Lady Cathcart was imprisoned.

☞ The aggregate standing forces of Europe reach 2,000,000, on a population of 250,000,000, being an average of about one per cent.

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY D. W. BARTLETT.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

It seems to be the great sin of Americans who travel in Europe to forget the simple republicanism of their native land. It would seem as if a native of the land of Washington would be so proud of it as never to forget it with tongue or heart wherever he may be. But such is not always the case. When an American goes abroad and is struggling to get into the society of the wealthy and noble, he lays by his democracy and affects a love for kingcraft and aristocracy. There is no use in denying this fact, intelligent Europeans will attest its truth.

I well remember the advice a sage friend gave me when leaving America—a friend who had seen Europe thoroughly.—"Be a Republican—be not at all ashamed of your native land and its institutions!" I resolved, young as I was, to *act* as if proud of our American customs and ideas, of course without giving offence. Almost the first night of my advent into society, I was severely tried by the lady of a stiff tory, remarking to me in the presence of others—

"Your Republicanism cannot last—it is not a natural state which you are in—you will become a kingdom yet!"

I smiled at her remark, and asked—"Is *yours* a natural state, with a few rich men and millions of paupers?" She was quiet for awhile, but again began to talk of American literature.

"You have good prose-writers," she said, "for there is Washington Irving, and Cooper, and Prescott—but you have never written poetry yet!"

"I beg your pardon, madame," I replied, "we have poets as good as yours!"

"What! equal to Milton, and Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Cowley, and Pope?"

"But," I replied, "Milton, and Shakespeare, and Spenser, are no more *yours* than *ours*. We are as much related to them as you—we are both descendants of the age which gave them birth, and that is all either of us can claim. But please to count your present poets, madame, and you will find that you have now no Milton or Shakespeare. You have your Wordsworth to be sure—so have we our Bryant. You have your Tennyson—we have our Longfellow, and Dana, and Whittier!"

The upshot of the dispute was, that she applauded my patriotism, and ended with saying—"But you Americans scarcely ever defend your country and institutions when abroad!" I felt stung to the quick by the careless remark, for I found it to be too true. Americans abroad do not sufficiently exhibit themselves in their home-character. An American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, acts not like a simple Republican, but like the aristocrats which surround him. He is as great a one for the time being, as any of them; and more than once has the American Minister turned a cold shoulder upon some friend, who at home had made every exertion in his power to assist him in his advance towards Fame and Power, and had crossed the ocean sure of the Republicanism of his political friend. But he was mistaken—and at the table of his friend-in-office found aristocrats, and smiles from his host *for* aristocrats, and precious few for his plain Republican friends!

And the English *bloods* boast of their power to transform anything within their reach, into a suppliant. They take an eloquent Brougham from the arms of the people, and make him a mere machine—dub him a Peer, and the change is complete. There is no more fondness for liberty in his soul! Not only that, but when the representative of the American Republic comes, in a few weeks they can make him mad in his worship of nobility and kingcraft; and he never thinks of seeing or mingling with *the people*, for they are beneath his notice. Oh! for the days of Franklin, or rather for more Franklins now-a-days! *He* did not bow to the minions of Courts or Kings. In his simple dress he had audience of Kings—and everywhere his stern simplicity commanded respect. His presence was always a rebuke to the monarchists, and they felt it so; but now an American Minister abroad, instead of being a terror to evil-doers, is rather their flatterer than otherwise. He spends weeks at the mansions of the nobles—is petted; and in return never utters a Republican sentiment, and calmly hears Republicanism traduced without replying never a word! I simply appeal to intelligent and candid foreigners if what I write is not very often true of our representatives abroad. I have many times had it flung in my teeth, that we are a nobility-worshipping people, "because when Americans come here, they worship the nobles of the land—and if only allowed entrance into the first circles, are never heard after saying a word against monarchism, or in favor of democracy!"

Emerson, the poet-lecturer, when in England, received a most flattering reception, for those that gathered about him were the scholars and the thinkers of Britain. He moved scarcely at all in what are called the fashionable classes, but chose to be among the literary and talented, for of course such a man could *choose* his company. He was a perfectly plain man, and his republicanism followed him everywhere. He was not forever talking about it, but the sweet simplicity of his manners and conversation, his total want of worship for rank or station, without goodness or talent, accompanied him wherever he went, and the English people thought ten times as much of him as if he had favored about them and deserted true American simplicity. It is perfectly easy for an American to move in the very highest circles, and be a republican in speech and heart, if he will only be courageous, for a little while, but there are few who have the requisite courage for the few first weeks. They will think far better of him, too, if he will be true to himself and his country, than if he become a traitor. And suppose they did not—should that be a reason for deserting the columns of Liberty?

The late Henry Colman is a fine example of what truth and sincerity may accomplish. It is well known that he was petted and flattered by the highest nobles of the land. No American was ever received so flatteringly by the English nobility. He was at home anywhere, and invitations poured in upon him from all quarters. But he never flinched from his republicanism, and never for a moment would allow a word to be spoken in his presence in disparagement of America without defending her and her institutions. When he returned to America he published his volumes, in which he said many fine things of the English nobility, how that they are the finest agriculturalists and housekeepers in the world, and that their love of painting and statuary is fervent and refined. All this was right, but that was not all he wrote—he exposed, most powerfully, too, the terrible poverty which overspreads England; he described his visits to her pauper-houses, and the dreadful beggary scattered broadcast over the whole kingdom; he spoke plainly of the miserable condition of the English peasantry, and his book circulated widely among the very men who had petted him so and shown him so much kindness. They knew that the man had spoken the truth of them, and with a chivalric spirit in their hearts honored him for it. When he returned to England again the same castles and halls were open to him as before, and he was thought more of than when he made his first visit to England. When the French Revolution burst so suddenly forth, he was at the country-seat of one of the first nobles in England, and I am told was at dinner when the news came, with several high-born men and women about him. The faces of the dinner-guests grew pale, and the excitement was such that the course of the meal was interrupted. Every one was deprecating the revolution, and commiserating Louis Philippe, when Colman arose and said, with enthusiasm—"Hurrah for the republicans of Paris!—I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but I love liberty, and thank God that there is a prospect of seeing Frenchmen in possession of it!" There was not a man or woman present but in their hearts respected him for the sentiments he had uttered, but there is not one in a hundred of Americans abroad who would have dared spoken a word in favor of liberty at such a time.

Catlin, the artist, who has been for several years in London is a true American in act, and speech, and manner, and he is liked in English circles chiefly for those features. An American wish to see American, and not a sycophant and they time-server.

Banvard is another Yankee in England, who is not ashamed to speak his opinions anywhere he may be, and he is very popular abroad.

Elihu Burritt never was relished by the aristocracy—for in his peace-efforts he has awakened the people to a sense of their stupidity in much longer enduring such taxation, and all in support of an army, which is ready to shoot them down if they advocate liberty. Even the thunder of *The Times* has been directed against him, and he has been by that sheet designated as "the Yankee cobbler." But that did not put him or his cause down.

There are several other Americans in Britain who deserve the thanks of their countrymen, for their consistency and courage—but there are also many others who deserve the hisses and reproach of any people-loving liberty and freedom!

☞ Punch advises General Haynau to shave and change his name.

A JENNY LIND MARTYR.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

Mr. Editor:—I am a victim to the Jenny Lind mania. Since the arrival of that distinguished young lady, I have been severely exercised in mind, body and purse. My estimable spouse has an unfortunate propensity to glorify every personage of note who may chance to visit Boston, whether he or she be black or white, old or young, bond or free, Jew or Gentile; and Father Matthew and Tom Thumb, John Tyler and Mr. Glidden's Mummy, Joyce Heth and Jenny Lind, are successively the objects of her profoundest adoration. On the night of the memorable day when Jenny first reached Boston, I had the pleasure of promenading with Mrs. Pips in the vicinity of the Revere House for three mortal hours, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the Nightingale, and on the succeeding Saturday evening, Mrs. Pips insisted upon my accompanying the family and a large delegation of country friends, who, by a curious coincidence, happened just then to visit us, to hear the serenade. So upon that eventful night, I found myself in what might, without exaggeration, be called a crowd.

The position of a gentleman in that promiscuous assemblage, with four females and five small children under his protection, may be more easily imagined than described. As at an early stage of the proceedings, my hat was forcibly driven over my eyes by some fine young fellows, who chanced to be my neighbors in the crowd, and my pocket book adroitly abstracted by some light-fingered amateur, I perhaps, did not feel in exactly the frame of mind to truly appreciate the performances of the evening. I am free to say, however, that if I am so fortunate as to have my own way in future, it was "most positively the very last" serenade that I shall honor with my presence during the remainder of my natural life.

I cannot depict the manifold horrors of that night. Suffice it to say, that at eleven o'clock I found myself in a subterranean apartment in the Revere House, with my watch, hat, pocket-book, and both coat tails gone, three of the four ladies in hysterics and smashed bonnets, and two children in the extremity of infantile agitation. The remainder of the night was cheerfully spent in an ineffectual attempt to recover the three other little incidents, whom the crowd of choice spirits had separated from us, and who were not returned to their anxious parents till the morrow. I thought that Mrs. Pips would never get through her course of hysterics; but will you believe it, that infatuated woman solemnly averred, the next day, that a mere glimpse of the Nightingale vigorously shaking a white fabric from the window, fully compensated her for the complicated misfortunes of the night!

Here, then, I thought my troubles would have an end. But I was mistaken. Nothing would do but we must go to the concert—country friends, children, and all. Mrs. Pips procured twelve tickets from a friend, at what she facetiously called a cheap rate—seven dollars and a half each—the aggregate of which, together with the customary accompaniments, I had the satisfaction of paying out of my own pocket. As the apothecary business has been rather slim of late, since the trial of one of our fraternity, I was obliged to raise the money by a loan from one of these good-natured, accommodating gentlemen who may be seen sunning themselves on the Northerly side of State Street any fine day before two o'clock; and who, for a consideration, will share their last dollar with you.

To the concert we accordingly went—Mrs. Pips in her best striped silk, the country ladies in a variety of antediluvian costumes, the children in bran new suits, and your humble servant in an unpaid-for coat. The music was well enough; but there was a tune ringing in my ears during the whole performance, the burden of which was "one hundred and eighteen dollars and forty-two cents, sum total of my outlay for this evening's entertainment." This drove every thing else out of my head. I fondly hoped that this unpleasant expense would be the extent of the extravagant outlay into which the advent of the Nightingale has plunged my misguided family, but I deceived myself. There is no end to it. Mrs. Pips *must* have that love of a Jenny Lind brocade at five dollars a yard, and that splendid Jenny Lind carpet she saw at Petter's. My son Tom has sent to New York for a Genin hat; the girls have bought Jenny Lind shawls, Jenny Lind scarfs, and Jenny Lind bonnets, without number; and, sir, the very baby in the cradle has a Jenny Lind frock of the finest texture and wrought in the most expensive manner. What will come next, I cannot imagine.

I entreat the ladies of our good city, descendants of those who dressed in homespun, knit their own stockings, and eschewed expensive luxuries, to refrain from inciting their husbands and lovers to such excessive expenditure as may seriously interfere with the gentlemen's peace of mind when a note happens to fall due. They must remember that though they may be Jenny Lind's in disposition, their husbands are not all Barnum's in purse.

I have the highest possible respect for the "system of Free Schools in Norway and Sweden," which it is the laudable intention of Miss Lind to foster by her patronage, but I cannot allow my interest in the young Norwegians to get the better of my responsibility towards the eight young Yankees whom I happen to be bringing up. One extreme follows another. Perhaps next year our wives and children will be seized with a spasmodic attack of economy, and be as self-denying in their requirements as they are now profuse in their expenditures. Of that, however, there is little danger. But at any rate I trust that the departure of the Nightingale will relieve us, who are not Lind mad, from the tedious rehearsal of her sayings and doings, and the turgid praises of her beauty, wit, and skill, with which we are now constantly overwhelmed.—And with this heart-felt wish, I subscribe myself, your afflicted friend,

SEBASTIAN PIPS.

P. S.—As I close this letter, a shrill voiced young lady opposite is screeching Jenny Lind's Greeting to America, in the loudest possible tone, to the accompaniment of a jingling piano, breaking down at every third line, and commencing again, and my eldest daughter has just brought in an armful of Jenny Lind's Songs, which she says she is going to "practice" constantly during the winter. Merciful Heaven! I shudder when I think of the inflictions to which we are doomed—the Souvenirs of Jenny Lind that will be thrust upon us at all times and places—the hand-organs that will be eternally braying forth her tunes, and the boys whose atrocious whistling will drive me mad. Is there no help for us? S. P.

Clippings.

☞ A Very Deep Trap.—The opinion entertained by the more intelligent class of fishes with regard to the Submarine Telegraph is, that we are laying down wires for the purpose of catching the American Sea Serpent.

☞ Shoulder Coffins.—The editor of the Charleston Evening News says: "For one, we are prepared to march up to 36 30 with our coffin on our back. Who goes with us?"

☞ Mrs. Partington wants to know if printers can't find anything better to publish than that "pork is quiet." "Why," said the old lady, "our pork is always quiet during such hot weather. You can't scarcely drive them out of the mire."

☞ Tunnelling the Alps.—A Turin letter to the editor of the London Times says, "I am told that the great project of piercing the Mount Cenis for a monster tunnel, has been abandoned, and that a new line, connecting Basle with the subsisting railroad from Genoa to Turin, is under consideration."

☞ It is stated in a London paper that a new locomotive engine, on an improved principle, has lately been manufactured, which the makers warrant will run one hundred and eight miles, with six carriages and two breaks, the usual express train, in one hour and thirty minutes. This is at the rate of seventy-three miles an hour. The engine will be ready for trial in a very short time.

☞ The Providence Journal announces that Col. Ross declared, before the Jenny Lind concert, that he considered his ticket worth $700, and reckoned a profit of $47 on the transaction, with which he seemed to be content, for *he did not attend the concert.*

☞ Gen. Cass has been re-nominated for the next Presidency by the Democratic State Convention of Michigan.

☞ It is said that the demand for *Pates de foi Gras* is so great that the geese cannot supply them, and that there is in Cincinnati, the great hog market, an extensive manufactory of these pattys. Hog's livers are cooked up with various spices and truffles; and after being packed in cans and suitably labelled, are sold for the genuine French preparation.

☞ An aunt of ours has told us that one day meeting Leigh Hunt, she, in order to excuse her gravity, said—"I am very *sad you see!*" (*Sadducee.*) The wit replied in order to compliment her beauty. "You are very fair, I see!" (*Pharisee.*)

☞ Mr. Gallagher, who for some years has been connected with the editorial department of the Cincinnati Gazette, has been appointed confidential clerk to Secretary Corwin—salary $1,600.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

4 Copies, - - -	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

George W. Noble, Louisville, Ky., is no longer an agent for the Saturday Evening Post.

A CAUTION.

As we are now approaching the time of year when newspaper Prospectuses and Advertisements begin to abound, we would caution our friends in the country against the unscrupulous statements of certain of our contemporaries. Because we truly state, that the Post is *the largest in size*, and has *the greatest circulation*, of any paper of its kind in America, therefore they think they must assert the same thing. We know one of these papers that even goes so far as to say, that it contains nearly one-half *more* matter than *any other*—trusting, doubtless, that the public will be too charitable to suppose that it could utter so enormous an untruth, and that somehow or other, the statement cannot be so false as it appears—thus taking refuge under the very monstrousness of its own falsehood. Others play the same game, with not quite so utter a disregard of the facts.

And what does it all avail them? Simply nothing. If the people were fools, or had not eyes, then, perhaps, they might be deceived. But what does it avail for a publisher to say his paper is larger than the Post, when every Post-Master in the country knows that it is not so large? Will the public be likely to subscribe to papers whose publishers fill their Prospectuses with glaring and self-evident falsehoods? We think not. In conclusion, we would advise the contemporaries to whom we have reference, not to attempt to contest the palm of superiority with a paper like the Post, which has weathered the storms of nearly 30 years.

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

Our Pennsylvania readers know—and others may as well know—that an Amendment to the Constitution of this State was voted upon at the election, last week, giving the people power to elect the Judiciary. We are happy to state that said Amendment was probably adopted by an overwhelming majority—but this is not the "curious document" to which we desired to call the attention of the public.

On the morning of the election there appeared in the daily papers of this city—in some instances displayed very prominently—an Address to the people in opposition to said Amendment. This Address was signed by about twenty-five of the leading citizens of Philadelphia—of both political parties—and about as many others, who are also *leading* citizens, when others happen to follow them. In this Address the most direful consequences were foretold, in case the Judiciary should be made elective. The following are the most important portions of the document in question:

You are through the ballot-box to condemn, or you are to sanction a project as mischievous and confounding as ever was placed before a reflecting people.

You are to say whether it conduces to the purity of justice, that he who administers it be chosen on the election grounds.

Whether that magistrate, upon whose impartiality, learning and high integrity, depends the safety of your persons and your property, must climb into the seat from which he administers the law, by the ladder of politics.

Hitherto, Justice has been neither a Whig nor a Democrat. It is proposed to us to make her one!

If you elected your jurors at the polls,—and you had better, sure, elect your jurors than your judges,—what do you suppose, fellow citizens, would be the fate of your law-suits?

What would you think of a panel of jurors voted for as the Whig panel, against another panel sustained as the Democratic panel?

Are you prepared, fellow-citizens, to vote for the Whig Judge, the Democratic Judge, the Tariff Judge, the Free-Soil Judge, or worst of all, for the Judge who stood pledged to carry out, when elected, those peculiar views of private right which the majority of his constituents, or any designing fragment of them, might be pleased to impose on him?

Party, as it affects the Legislature and Executive, is an evil which may be borne. It touches political power and not private right. But to mix it with the administration of justice, is to lay violent hands upon our best institution, and pour into the innocent and wholesome blood a swift and deadly poison.

Fellow-citizens, the question which is before you appears to us to be one which appeals so directly not only to men's virtue and good sense, but to their very instinct of self-preservation, for when the law is wounded, every man feels the blow, that we will only add our solemn conviction, that it is the gravest which has come before the people of Pennsylvania since the foundation of their government.

Deal with it, then, fellow-citizens, as becomes the Republic and yourselves! Vote upon it, not in the spirit of idle agitation, but inspired by a sense of duty to the State, and animated by the desire of individual good!

Let us not corrupt the root, let us not disturb the fountain, let us not tamper with the common source of the well-being, the happiness, the safety of us all; or let loose the strife of party upon our private business, our daily labor, the titles to our property, the immunities of our persons, our households and our hearths!

Now what strikes us as so very *curious* about the above document is, that the signers of it, believing what they say—believing that this question of the election of Judges, is the gravest which has ever come before the people of Pennsylvania, and that the adoption of the Amendment will produce such awful results—believing all this, that they should never have found time to say a word upon the subject publicly, till the *very morning of the election*.

A singular proceeding this, for such men as Thomas F. Cope, Richard Rush, Horace Binney, W. J. Duane, Joseph R. Ingersoll, William M. Meredith, Charles J. Ingersoll, Josiah Randall, Frederick Fraley, &c.

Why, the reading of the Address quite took away our breath—for the moment. According to the showing of the above distinguished gentlemen, our good State was at the very brink of a frightful precipice, and not one word said till she was just on the point of jumping over. Surely these gentlemen deserve severe censure for not giving the warning until it was too late—for the question was already decided, the people had made up their minds, before these sage advisers found time to speak.

If we possessed the influence of either of the above gentlemen, and believed as they do, we should—we *think* we should—have written, and published, and called public meetings, and endeavored in all lawful and honorable ways to save our native State from the awful gulf into which she was about to plunge. Only after we had done all that man could reasonably be asked to do, should we feel that, be the question decided as it might, we had performed *our* duty.

But we do not believe as these distinguished gentlemen do. We think we shall have better Judges under the new than under the old arrangement. In any event—and this argument has had a great influence upon the election—we cannot be much worse off than at present. And if our *jurors* were also elected—they could not be more stupid or venal than they are now. Come, sirs, we meet you on your own ground, and state what almost every lawyer knows to be true.

"*Hitherto Justice has been neither a Whig nor a Democrat.*" Is this your deliberate opinion, gentlemen? When has a Judge been appointed in Pennsylvania, without reference to his politics? If there are instances of the kind, they are surely exceptions to the general rule. When did a Democratic Governor appoint a Whig to a judgeship; or a Whig Governor do the same kind office by a Democrat?

And more, men that are notoriously incompetent, have been appointed merely because they happened to be of the same politics as the Governor—men whom their own party would not have nominated to stand the verdict of the people. But probably you do not know this; else you would not have said that "*hitherto* Justice has been neither a Whig nor a Democrat."

But let us judge a little of the future by the past. You know well that our Aldermen, and several other officers, have been elective for several years. Now, is it not *universally* admitted that we have had better men to fill these offices since they were made elective? And if this be true of Aldermen, Justices of the Peace, &c., why should it not be true of the Judges? Therefore you will perceive there is a chance of bettering ourselves by the adoption of the Amendment—and scarcely any of making matters worse.

For, suppose the Governor appoints—who does he appoint? Is he at liberty to select the best men he can find in the various Districts? Even if he were at liberty to do so, how shall he find them? He is not to be supposed to have a general acquaintance all over the State.

But he is not at liberty to select the best man, even if he knew him. It is a part of the bargain by which he is elected, that the offices at his disposal should be distributed among his *friends*. Yes, orator A is to have a Judgeship—while B, C, and D—who have done the mean work of the party—are to be made Aldermen, Justices of the Peace, Constables, &c. This is the way we think it works, when the selecting power is vested in the Governor.

But you "fear the people"—you do not think the word "people" is synonymous with all intelligence, all virtue, all truth. Neither do we. We think that, compared with what they *ought* to be, a large portion of the people are both selfish and ignorant. But, relatively, the American people are decidedly uncommon—almost the only people, as yet, on the face of the Globe, fit to be trusted with political power. And the power must be vested somewhere. It must either be vested, in this State, in the whole people, or in the representative of the *whole* people. Now we always would rather deal with the principal than his agent. We would rather deal with a principal who will settle things publicly, than an agent who will *arrange* them privately. Therefore, if we must have the Judges chosen directly, or indirectly, by the whole people, we prefer the former mode.

Gentlemen, you speak in your address of the present Administration of Justice, as if it was something venerable and holy—you speak of it as our "best institution," and of its "innocent and wholesome blood." Surely, gentlemen, you and we have not been living in the same city—the same State. Are you speaking of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania?

If law, as at present administered, is not, to a great degree, a mockery—if justice is not, in a very large proportion of cases, the most unjust thing in the world—if, in three cases out of four, the decisions of our courts and juries be not so uncertain, that you might as well toss up a penny, and abide by the result—then we are laboring under a great delusion.

We do not particularly complain of this. Perhaps the main thing needed is, that there should be some authoritative tribunal to decide disputes—without much regard as to how they are decided; but, really, he must be a foolish man, who, when appealing to our Courts, supposes that they will award without fail, "equal and exact justice." And even when justice is awarded, it is generally valued at so high a rate by lawyers and judges, that one is tempted to exclaim with a celebrated warrior of old—"one more such victory, and I am undone." No, we fully believe with the old proverb, that if "a man have a good cause, a good lawyer, a good judge, a good jury, a good purse, and, finally, *good luck*"—it may be safe for him to appeal to the Law for the vindication of his rights. If he have not all these six requisites, he had better "agree with his adversary while he is in the way with him—lest the adversary deliver him to the judge, and the judge deliver him to the officer, and he be cast into prison."

THE RIGHT COURSE.

Our readers will remember that we recently spoke in terms of severe condemnation, of a work published in New York, called "*The Monk Knight of St. John.*" We are now pleased to receive a card from the publishers, Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport, in which they say:

Dewitt & Davenport have been led by the criticisms of several journals, to examine for themselves "*The Monk Knight of St. John,*" a romance recently published by them, and they regret to find that the censures it has received are but too well deserved. That it may not be suspected that they would knowingly and willingly minister to any corrupt or prurient tastes, they beg leave to state, that they purchased the MS. of this work, and gave it to their printers, solely upon the reputation of its author, Major Richardson, whose well known novels, "Wacousta," and "Hardscrabble," (the last of which has just passed through the pages of Sartain's Magazine,) are entirely free from any reproach on the score of morals. Dewitt & Davenport would not have published the "Monk Knight" had they been aware of its too free manner and spirit, and they trust this explanation will secure them from any imputation of lending their countenance to a corrupt literature, and *assure their friends that they will print no more of this work.*

When D. & D. forward to you, as soon they will, "Wacousta," by the same author, you will be constrained to admit that it is scarcely conceivable how two works so widely different in conception and language could have emanated from the same pen, a fact which must tend to exonerate the publishers in the eyes of yourself and readers, before whom if you deem it proper to lay these few remarks, you will add to the obligation already conferred upon,

Yours, truly and respectfully,
DEWITT & DAVENPORT.

Knowing how common it is with publishers, to publish the works of authors of repute, without even an examination, we give entire credence to the above statement of Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport. And we highly commend their manly and straightforward course in coming out and acknowledging that the censures of the work are deserved, and promising that they will print no more copies of it.

PARIS.

The French are ahead of us in some things. They have few fires, and no great conflagrations in Paris, such as are so common in American cities. Adopting the maxim that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," they allow no house to be built without an examination into the proposed plan and material. The joists near the fire places must be well sheeted with iron, and the houses roofed with some fire proof material, such as metal, earthenware tiles, or a composition of asphaltum. Shingle roofs, which on a hot Summer's day, light up at a spark as easily as so many sulphur matches, are not in use among the Paris architects, who "prefer a humdrum state of safety to the romantic uncertainty of the shingle system." Would it not be well for the cities of America to adopt the French system, at least to a degree? That kind of *liberty*, which allows a man to build a tumble-down dwelling, or put up a tinder-box in the midst of a large town, is kindred to that which would allow an incendiary to build a fire *where he pleases*.

SUDDEN PROSPERITY.

A shoemaker recently cut his throat in London, from an excess of joy, arising from good fortune in business. This is no rare occurrence. Adversity is much more easily borne than prosperity.

If men would bear constantly in mind the great truth, that we are in this world but for a few fleeting moments, comparatively speaking—and that whatever wealth is put into our hands, is but the property of God, of which we are made stewards—then sudden prosperity would not elate, nor sudden adversity depress them. What "fools and blind" the great majority of us are! struggling for the good things of this world, as if our stay here was to be forever, instead of for a few brief years—knowing not, but that this very day, our earthly lives may be required of us. Blessed is he who keeps constantly before his mind, this great fact of facts—who lives, knowing that every day may be his last, and prepared to meet the summons to the eternal kingdom!

AMUSING ERROR.

The Rev. Dr. Todd having presented some relics from an acquaintance, to be deposited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, made some allusion to the "Lives of the Saints." His remarks when published, alluded, through a typographical blunder, to the "*Lies* of the Saints," which so enraged the owner of the relics, that he wrote to Dr. Todd, demanding his relics back again.

Sad.—Mr. Dickens, in his preface to a new edition of Notes on America, says that his views on America remain unchanged after eight years' reflection. America has not, however, remained unchanged—and therefore, what was true of us eight years ago, may be untrue now. Perhaps, some day, an International Copyright Law will be passed, and then "Boz" will take us again into favor. Poor America! how will she survive Mr. Dickens's continued displeasure!

More Coming.—The Home Journal states that the great French tragic actress, Rachel—and the almost equally celebrated dancer, Cerito, have positively united in an enterprise to come to New York, without contract with any manager, and to bring their subordinates with them. We are glad to hear that there is to be no Barnum in this case, to double the expenses, without there being a particle of necessity for him.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due this week, for an increase of our subscription list over the former number, to friends in Dansville, New York; Waterford Works, Pemberton, Bound Brook, and Hightstown, New Jersey; Minerva, Ohio; Russellville, Kentucky; Jackson, Mississippi; Ypsilanti, Michigan; Lexington, North Carolina; and Summit Hill, West Elizabeth, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Also for entirely new lists to North Benton, Ohio; Princeton, Iowa; Woodstock, New York; Prairie Bluff, and Greenwood, Alabama; Rapho, Pennsylvania; Pleasant Valley Mills, Kentucky; and West Enterprise, and Powelton, Texas. Also to old friends, at a number of places, for renewing their subscriptions with words of approval and cheer.

Of the above mentioned places, Bound Brook, and Hightstown, New Jersey; Ypsilanti, Michigan, and Jackson, Miss., have done perhaps the best—Bound Brook increasing its list from 10 to 43, Hightstown from 18 to 37, Ypsilanti from 33 to 54, and Jackson 36 to 49. But where all have done so well, it seems almost invidious to particularize.

A correspondent, "*Leonidas*," does not much like the way in which the "Sons of Temperance" conducted their celebration, last August, in New Castle, Tennessee. He says they eat the good things themselves, and gave "hogs' ears, chickens' heads," &c., to their guests. It is so unlike any class of the Western people, to fail in the common duty of hospitality, that really we think "Leonidas" must, some how or other, be mistaken.

A subscriber requests us to state that a new Post Office has been instituted at Fitz Henry, Westmoreland Co., Pennsylvania.

The old Postmaster at Swanton, Vermont, writes us that he has had to make room for a "more loyal subject." He says he was appointed in 1826. Ah, friend F., *change* is the lot of earth—and we are glad to see you take it so coolly. The Post is, however, against changes in the subordinate officers of the Government, *for opinion's sake*. We have held this doctrine under Whig and Democratic administrations alike, and expect to hold it to the end. Mr. F. assures us that he intends still to be a true friend to the Post, as he considers it "the best family paper he has ever seen."

T. L. wishes us to affix the prices of new books to our notices. We always do, when we know them. Perhaps some publishers think it is their interest not to state the prices.

E. D. P. of Bedford, Pa., says the Post "is all be expected, *and more too*."

R. C. R., of Hickory Fork, Va., wishes his Post *discontinued*, for the following singular reason:

When my present year's subscription expires, please discontinue the Post to me. I have no other reason for so doing, but that the Post is *so fascinating that I neglect every thing else till I have read it through*. With my good wishes for your success, I am

Yours, most respectfully, R. C. R.

No person has completed his or her moral education, until they have learned to lay down the most interesting paper, or book, at the call of duty. "There is a time for everything," says Solomon—and so of course, there is a time to read the Post. And every one should devote a portion of his time to the reading of some good paper, in order that his mind may not become a barren waste. A newspaper contains the current history of the world. And he must be very busy, who cannot afford time to make himself acquainted with the weekly history of his own and other countries. Besides this, the miscellaneous matter which a good weekly newspaper contains, is calculated to afford nutriment to that spiritual portion of man, which distinguishes him from the beasts of the field. Men and women—and children also—need weekly a certain amount of mental as well as of material nourishment. Without it the mind and heart become weakened and impoverished, as the body declines and suffers from the want of food.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS.

A writer on the subject of medicines, in a late English paper, gives numerous instances of the adulteration to which they are systematically subject. An extract will be interesting to physicians and those who deal in drugs:

"Oxyde of zinc is adulterated very commonly with sulphate and carbonate of baryta and Dutch lead, the latter previously adulterated with a substance still cheaper—plaster paris. Nitrate of silver consists precisely of four parts of this very valuable salt, and one part of nitrate of potash, (villainous saltpetre.) Balsam copaiva is nothing but castor oil, with a dash of the true balsam. White precipitate, (amidst mercury, &c of Kane,) is usually made up of carefully precipitated carbonate of lime, (chalk,) exactly one part, and white precipitate one part. Sulphate magnesia is glauber salt in small crystals—no attempt at mystification. Tartar emetic is almost always sulphate of potash and tartar emetic—the latter of course, by some mental process, always considered pure. Calomel is, (mind, don't go astray,) 1st, for the Western States of America, '*carbonate of lime nine parts, pure calomel three parts;*' 2nd, for the Eastern States, '*pure calomel nine parts, carbonate of lime three parts.*' Kermes' mineral, (latterly considered an antidote to strychnine,) is red ochre, potato starch, lamp black, Prussian blue, of each according to the fancy of the druggist; of pure kermes *none!* Lactate of iron is sugar of milk and sulphate of iron; of lactic acid none. Opium is that drug carefully wasted to get out the morphia, and made up again as good as new. Real Turkey rhubarb—much the same rhubarb exposed to spirit. Quina and morphia fare little better."

At first, upon reading the above account, we were disposed to speak harshly of those who thus adulterate medicines—but, upon second thought, we are not certain that they are not benefactors of their species. As to calomel, for instance—may they not have heard how our Western friends *eat* that article, and concluded that it would be better for the consumer (to say nothing of the profit to the seller,) to mix a good deal of a comparatively harmless substance with it? This view is borne out by the fact, stated above, that while they put up three-fourths of the calomel for the Western States in the shape of carbonate of lime, (chalk,) they adulterate the calomel for the Eastern States only to one-third the extent. By the way, we would suggest to our Western friends, that as probably a considerable portion of the good they experience from taking such large doses of calomel, comes from the three-fourths of chalk which is in it, they should now try the chalk for a while without the calomel. We really think they would experience a permanent benefit from using the chalk alone.

OPIUM AND IDIOCY.

Dr. Enos Stevens, Examining Agent for the Massachusetts Commissioners for the prevention and cure of idiocy, states the following facts, as a warning to foolish mothers:

At the Cambridge Poor House there are three well-formed and strong brothers, whose names are Joseph Cox, 23 years old, George Cox, 20, and William Cox, 18. These are all the children their mother had. Their father was a respectable mechanic, and has a very intelligent child by a second wife. The mother of these idiotic boys was a most devotedly benevolent woman, who often took narcotic drugs, and went out whole days and nights to visit and assist the sick among her neighbors, leaving her own children all put asleep by laudanum, (which is wine and opium.) Every day, when they cried, and every time she wished to go out, she put them all asleep with laudanum. At length their whole organization assimilated to such a state of body and mind, and they have grown up to the size of manhood, with the avenues of their brains practically closed by drugs; so that they have merely infantile powers of mind, and strength of bodies.

Among the 240 idiots described by the Commissioners to the Legislature of Massachusetts, seven seem to have been made so by their mothers trying to procure abortion by using very powerful drugs. Although these unborn children were not thus quite killed, yet they were irrecoverably stupified and mal-formed to the lowest degrees of both mental and animal idiocy and weakness. Indeed, these children remain glaring, crawling and howling personifications of crime, misery, and long continued corruption and death. In some of those cases, the health of the women were ruined for the remainder of their lives, and they ever after continued to bring forth idiots, mal-formations and invalids.

In relation to the first of the above cases, we may remark that the mother might have been, in one sense, "*a devotedly benevolent woman*," but no person is truly benevolent who neglects his or her own family, on the plea of doing good to others. A mother's and father's *first* duties, are the *home* duties. "Charity should *begin* at home." If a mother has more time than is necessary to be devoted to her own family—then she can devote the *overplus* to benevolent purposes. But to neglect paramount home duties, for the sake of charitable objects which have only a *general* demand upon you, is to sacrifice the greater for the less, and rank a man or woman with those whom St. Paul declared were "worse than infidels."

How Fast the World was Peopled.—A gentleman of Charleston, S. C., sends us a calculation, showing how fast the world was peopled. He makes it out that, at the end of 130 years from the creation of Adam, the population was 298,173. This, however, is based upon a supposition that everything proceeded at the fastest possible rate. By another calculation, which is founded on the supposition that in the days of Adam, the "go ahead" principle was not so much worshipped as now, he makes the population at the end of the same period, 136,751. If he would divide this last amount by 3, he would come still nearer, we think, to the true state of the case. We think 40,000 would be a large number, on a reasonable view of the case, for 130 years.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny is to sing in Philadelphia two evenings this week, at the Chesnut Street Theatre. The first concert was on Thursday evening—if all things went right—we go to press before that day, in order to give time for the printing of our large edition, and therefore must defer comments till next week.

The nett receipts of Jenny's Charity Concert in Boston was $6,000—which is to be divided among Charitable Societies by a Committee, of which the Hon. Edward Everett is Chairman.

A contemporary describes Jenny as follows:

But what sort of a woman is Jenny? A very plain woman. Saint Cecilia has got into a fat-faced, very sandy-haired woman, with blue eyes—a simple, retiring being, whom you would not look twice at in a crowd. Talking to an English painter, who took her portrait, some time ago, she showed her excellent good sense by the way in which she commented on her own plainness. She said—"how have you arranged my nose? It spreads all over my face. As for my hair—to paint that, you must put a great deal of green with your yellow; for my locks are like half-made hay." But the worst of it is—that the painter adds—"and so they are!" Jenny talks our language very well. She has of course a foreign accent.

We must add to this, that we have seen a Daguerreotype of Jenny Lind, by Root, which is far better looking than what the above would lead one to suppose. It is beyond all denial, a fine face—the leading characteristics of which are sound sense, simple earnestness, perfect candor, and decision. In looking at it, we could imagine Jenny saying to the Mayor of Boston—"What do you know about my private character, sir?"

We must close our notice this week of Jenny, with a characteristic note sent by her to a *restaurateur* of this city, who forwarded her a cluster of reed birds for her table:

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you sincerely for your kind attention toward me, in sending such a number of little birds, which I consider to be a very great delicacy, although it is a cruelty to not let them have their peace to jump about and enjoy themselves in the woods. I am, dear sir, yours, truly, JENNY LIND.

"J. Guy, Jr., Esq."

WHEAT GROWING IN ICE.

A correspondent of the "Inquirer" of this city, communicates an account of the germination and growth of wheat in ice. The grains were imbedded in the ice of an ice-house, eighteen inches from the ground, and had numerous *radicula* of three to four inches long, shooting from the grain, in different directions, through the solid ice, while the *pumule* had made its way perfectly erect, as if it had no more resistance than the common pressure of the atmosphere—the ice not being softened in the least, but dry and friable. The account goes on to say:

At first sight, I was inclined to attribute this singular phenomenon to accidental dislodgment of sprouted seed, from adjacent soil, in that advanced stage of germination, which floating in the water was afterwards frozen; but upon careful inquiry I found, 1st. That no wheat had been grown within half a mile of the *pond* from which the ice was taken. 2d. That it is Italian wheat, which Mr. Mailliard brought from Florence a few years since, and thus can be identified. That it has not been planted on the property in which the pond lies—that there is no water communication between the grain fields and the pond. 3d. That the *fibres* of the *radicle*, are perfectly white and transparent, almost gelatinous, not having the *tinge*, nor the consistence of soil grown shoots.

On the contrary, I have the most satisfactory evidence, that the germination has taken place since the ice was packed away. 1st. The straw of the Italian Wheat was used in packing the ice-house. 2nd. The germinating seeds are found between *two pieces of ice consolidated* together. 3rd. I have one specimen of the grain growing *from the ear*, attached to a full stock of straw, sprouting in like manner—which had, most unequivocally, been dropped on a lower layer of ice, and was covered by another stratum.

EDGAR A. POE.

The New York Sunday Mercury says that it is informed by a gentleman who was intimate with the deceased poet, that his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Arnold, a daughter of Arnold, the traitor. If this be true, how Mr. Griswold's heart will sorrow within him, that he did not know it in time to give the fact in full, with suitable inferences, in his "executive" biography. Probably he will find room for it in a second edition.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

This interesting exhibition of American Manufactures is now open. Arrangements have been made to afford facilities to persons residing in the neighborhood of the city, to visit the exhibition, at a reduced rate of fare.

MR. DEMPSTER.

Mr. Dempster, the admired vocalist, is again in Philadelphia. We trust he will receive the cordial welcome his merits deserve. We perceive that he has some new songs on hand, to mingle with the old favorites.

A Perilous Place.—By late advices we learn that the two vessels of the American Exploring Expedition, were West of the "Devil's Thumb, Greenland." Rather a dangerous neighborhood, we should think.

New Publications.

Truth Stranger than Fiction. A Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving Inquiries in Regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth and Justice, which Obtain in a Distinguished American University. By Catharine E. Beecher. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A volume of 296 pages, that had better never been written.

It appears from this account—for we have never seen any other, though the subject has doubtless attracted great attention among the Congregationalists of New England—that a young minister, a Mr. A., was fascinated by a teacher of considerable repute, Miss D. The Rev. Mr. A. was wealthy and talented, but peculiarly susceptible to ridicule. Miss D. was rather handsome and very intelligent, of good family, though limited pecuniary means, but considerably older—we judge some nine or ten years at least—than her admirer. Mr. A. appears to have been fascinated, as we have said, but his sober judgment (as well as the advice of friends) seems to have deterred him from marriage with the lady. Still, he was so charmed with her, that he appears at one time to have offered himself, and then, with the lady's consent, withdrawn his proposal. The affair, so far as we can perceive, might have rested here, had the friends of both parties been duly instructed when they were young, in what has been called the *eleventh* commandment—"Mind your own business."

But they were not content to do this. Miss Beecher herself seems to have acted in the first place, in a very reprehensible manner. She must needs set her wits to work (she confesses it) to ascertain how affairs really stood between her friend and Mr. A. On one occasion, she says, "remarks were made with the direct intention of observing their effect on the gentleman, and the anticipated responses were obtained in the glowing cheek, the drooping eyelid, the embarrassed manner, and nothing was needed to convince an *experienced* eye that he was beyond all question a fascinated lover."

The gentleman having been thus tried and convicted, Miss Beecher seems to have reasoned herself into the belief that it was her duty, to force the lady to tell whether or not she were really engaged. We quote a passage, in order to show with what *coolness* the whole affair was conducted:

After this affair had gone on more than two months, the writer was obliged to visit the three cities where the lady was most extensively known. And well aware that an account of the matter would be demanded in all quarters, a note was sent to her, containing an intimation of these facts. This happened to be at precisely the time when the members of the family observed a marked change in their deportment, as if there were some trouble or misunderstanding, though it had not been spoken of to the writer.

In consequence of the note sent to her, a call was made by her on her teacher, but it was in the presence of a large company. An opportunity was sought to say in a low tone, "What shall be said to *friends* when they inquire?" An expression of suppressed emotion passed over her countenance; her reply, however, was, "Say what you please!"

"Shall it be called a *Platonic flirtation*?" was the next inquiry.

"Say whatever you think best," was the only response.

Touched with sympathy, in the belief that she was dreading the opposition of friends, or the inevitable embarrassments before her, a note was sent to her the next day, containing words of encouragement and sympathy, and saying that the matter should not be represented as a "Platonic flirtation," but what was much more honorable and respectable, as a *matrimonial engagement*. And it was added, that whatever influence could be exerted to smooth her way, should not be wanting.

A grateful message was returned through a friend, saying, that she intended to call again. But she came not, and as nothing more was said or done, it was understood that she expected her friends to acknowledge the engagement as authorized by herself. Accordingly, wherever the writer went, in reply to all questions on the subject, this representation was made. Of course all her friends who inquired, understood that it was an acknowledged engagement, and on the authority of the lady herself.

Now, we must be permitted to say, that Miss Beecher was entirely unauthorized, according to her own testimony, from stating that there was an acknowledged engagement between the parties. The lady said nothing of the kind—she repulsed Miss Beecher's impertinent questions as civilly as possible, and did not commit herself either way.

But Miss Beecher reported an "acknowledged engagement"—the gentleman denied it—the lady's friends said one thing, his friends said another—and, finally, a terrible rumpus was kicked up in the Church, about a thing that if nobody had interfered with, would have settled itself to the satisfaction, or at least to the content, of both parties.

Now that it is very probable, almost certain, that the reverend Mr. A. said several very unhandsome and ungentlemanly things, we do not pretend to deny—but the great sin of the whole matter was, in our opinion, the interference of the lady's friends in an affair where they were not needed or wanted.

Of all things in the world, the interference of friends, however near, in affairs of the heart, is to be deprecated—that is, without you wish to break an intimacy off. Even then, the subject should be approached with great caution, or you will do more harm than good. Suppose a gentleman, having visited a young lady for a time, evidently with serious intentions, discontinues his visits. Suppose they are even engaged, and he asks to be released from his engagement.—Will you, Mr. Father, or Mr. Brother, *compel* him to marry your daughter or sister? We see no *honor* in that. But, you say, see how the girl suffers, she is dying of a broken heart. Well, better that she be a broken-hearted maiden, than a broken-hearted wife!

We have two instances now in our eye, where the gentlemen made rash engagements, and afterwards wished to withdraw from them. But the ladies and their families said no—and the gentlemen then held to their promise of marriage. In one of these cases, we know the wife is a most unhappy woman. For the husband could never forget that she forced him into the marriage. In the other, the wife probably has not feelings sufficiently fine, to be unhappy. But is it wonderful, that a man thus forced into marriage, should first view his wife with dislike, and then with loathing and contempt?

Therefore, we never would use our influence to force a marriage, in the case of any one we held dear. Such are the trials of the married state, that no couple should enter into it, but those who believe at the time, they really and tenderly love each other. No one who cannot repeat in all truth and sincerity the solemn vows of the marriage service, should dare to utter them.

The Closing Scene; or, Christianity and Infidelity Contrasted in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M. A., author of the "Bishop's Daughter," &c. From the Third London Edition. Philadelphia: Robt. E. Peterson, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Sts.

In this volume we find brief and contrasted biographies of Thomas Paine, John Locke, Frederic the Great, Bishop Barrington, Lord Bolingbroke, Blanco White, Charlotte Elizabeth, Madame De Stael, Volney, Mrs. Hemans, Theodore Hook, David Hume, Shelley, Jeremy Bentham, &c., &c. There is a great deal of interesting information, and much other matter that is truly excellent in the work—but it is to be lamented that the author was not a man of a more enlarged nature. He appears to be a good man, but narrow-minded. For instance, he quotes Shelley's beautiful lines, "*Written in Despondency*:"

"Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd.
* * * * * * * *
Yet now despair itself is mild,
Ev'n as the winds and waters are;
I could sit down, like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear:—
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

Our author quotes these lines—which any poet (who had genius enough) might have written—with such a commentary as this: "What a miserable record of feeling is that left by him (Shelley) in these stanzas! Is it a sample of the hopeless wretchedness endured by many an Infidel?"

To exhibit still farther, our author's intellectual calibre, we may add that he denominates the following fine lines, "mysticism and absurdity:"

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments."

The second line of the above is italicized by our author as particularly absurd. Now the meaning of the passage is as clear as the image is admirable, to one who has the sense to understand it. Life is represented as a dome of many-colored glass, through which the *white radiance of Eternity* shines, but of course is stained in passing through it—until death tramples it (the dome) to fragments.

We do not pretend to justify the intellectual vagaries of Shelley—but he was very far from being an Atheist, as our author states. At the worst, he was a Deist. But his errors were more of the head than of the heart, and of the age in which he lived than of either. Infidelity, at that time, was to a great extent, a reaction from the gross superstition, ignorance and tyranny which prevailed in the Church. We verily believe that if Shelley had been born forty years later, he would never have been a sceptic. Those who have read the history of his life—his almost entire freedom from selfishness or any other littleness, his purity of character, his generosity, his devotion to what he believed truth,—and then have turned to his works, and seen how kindness, goodness, refinement, and love of freedom, are the distinguishing traits of his writings, will hesitate before they brand Shelley as a blank Atheist.

We have instanced our author's treatment of Shelley, as a sample of a narrowness of thought which prevails to a considerable extent throughout the volume. No one values more than we do, the importance of a living Faith in Christianity. Truly we believe it robs the grave of its victory, and death of its sting. But we must not expect to find the death bed of every man who has been careless, or worse, upon the subject of religion, a scene of horror; while not every true believer enters the realm of spirits without fear and trembling. It is to a certain degree, a matter of constitution and of the nerves. Many a blood-dyed villain has met death with a jest—and many a good man's cheek has paled to hear the last great summons. Cowper was perhaps more miserable in his life, than any of those whose names are here mentioned. And yet who was a more sincere and humble Christian? Let us not therefore judge harsh judgments of our fellow men—knowing that "with what judgment we judge, we shall be judged." Let us not suppose that every suffering which is visited upon an unbeliever, is a consequence of his false faith—for the fire of affliction, as well as the dew and rain of mercy, falls alike upon the unjust and the just. If we can make, in all humbleness, our own calling and election sure, let us be devoutly thankful—and, as to the errors of our fellow men, whether of faith or practice, let us treat them with that charity and forbearance, which befits creatures who are themselves continually sinning against the Lord.

The Women of the Scriptures. Edited by Rev. H. Hastings Weld. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This volume will win attention from the interest of the subject, and if it lead its readers to study the Bible record of some of the most noble and beautiful characters that grace the ranks of womanhood, we presume the object of its publication will be answered. It is illustrated with eleven engravings, of Miriam, Rachel, Ruth, Esther, &c. The contributions expressly for the work, are from the pens of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mrs. S. J. Hale, Rev. George W. Bethune, and other writers of note.

Stories about Birds, with pictures to match. By Francis C. Woodworth, Editor of "The Youth's Cabinet," Author of "Stories about Animals," &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We can hardly imagine a book more gratifying to children than this. The pictures, which are numerous, are quite life-like, and the stories are evidently written by a lover of nature and a lover of children. We commend it to the young people, or to any who would make them an acceptable present.

Adelaide Lindsay. A Novel. Edited by the Author of "Mordaunt Hall," "Angela," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is an unexceptionable story of some merit and interest, but we think not at all equal to what we have seen from the pen of Mrs. Marsh.

The Iron Mask; or, The Feats and Adventures of Raoul De Bragelonne. By Alexander Dumas, author of "The Count of Monte Christo," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Price 50 cts.

This is the conclusion of a series of novels—"The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," and "Bragelonne, the Son of Athos."

The Nightingale Melodies.

Another collection of the Swedish Melodies, Ballads, &c., sung by Jenny Lind. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Price 12½ cts.

☞ It is said that the widow and daughters of the late Prof. Webster, are about to remove to Fayal, in the Azores, where a daughter resides. Her husband is Governor of Fayal. We believe Mrs. Webster is a native of the island.

Our Correspondents

TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENCE.

Fort Leavenworth, Mo., Sept. 24th, 1850.

Mr. Editor:—This trip up the great Missouri is my first, and has not failed to make deep and peculiar impressions upon me. The Mississippi strikes one with awe, dread, doubt. It has a heavy, relentless, unmerciful air; telling you how, like that log, rolling and gurgling by, it would roll your living or lifeless body if within its clutches. The Missouri has not, indeed, anything about it that can boast of civility or of much civilization, and yet it lacks that air of almost truculence, which distinguishes the Mississippi. I suppose this arises from the evident diminution of depth on entering the Missouri, giving to the ruminating spectator the secret hope that he might in very numerous places wade from bank to bank. On further acquaintance this hope would receive much deduction, for so soft and yielding are the sands of the Missouri, that the unlucky wight, who, in his truth and haste sets foot on its edge, will often rue his misplaced confidence.

For 450 or nearly 500 miles from its mouth, the Missouri presents but little variety. Its banks are usually from one to two miles apart, averaging one and a half miles. Its bends are very numerous, in fact they succeed each other continuously, at pretty regular distances of about one and a half miles, each bend having in its centre an island or peninsular area of high and dry sand, varying from twenty to two hundred acres, on some of which cotton wood trees are growing as closely as possible for trees to grow. There are commonly three growths of this cottonwood on the banks and sand islands of the Missouri. On the highest and firmest ground the cottonwood rises into a stately tree, in many cases bald and branchless from age or decay. Outside that comes a more recent, but still a growth quite respectable as to size and age, to be encircled by a close packed fringe of boggish saplings, whose glossy green leaves and lithe limbs glisten in the sun, and bend to every breath of the impulsive wind.

With respect to the water, it beats all prior belief as to its incorrigible turbidness. Pool boils up after pool, throwing to the eye smooth and circular areas of burnished but most muddy water. The current is very rapid, always and everywhere, and can be navigated by the steamboat alone. The whole length of the stream is cursed by the snag and sawyer, but in some places they are so scattered, that it is with difficulty that the most skillful pilot can thread his path without impaling his craft upon some pointed snag, standing like a bayonet to await the onset. Notwithstanding the exceeding muddiness of the stream of the Missouri, the water itself is excellent, and as palatable as any water I ever drunk. It is in this respect superior to the water of the Mississippi. The banks and sand-islands of the Missouri are all fall, winter, and spring visited by countless millions of water fowl. They are just now dropping in. I saw many ducks, geese, swans, and a flock of serious-looking imperturbable pelicans, who stationed at the water's edge were engaged in meditation, and presented a spectacle of perfect philosophical gravity.

The banks of the Missouri are but in a very slight degree indebted to the improving hand of man. Here and there at very great intervals you fall upon little towns, set up on the side of some height or "bluff," and complimented with the name of city. One of these, "Wayne City," certainly excels in point of civic bathos whatever I have before seen in that line. It contains about ten hog pens, poor ones at that; about five wretched log huts tenanted, and perhaps double that number deserted, to conclude with two groggeries, only one of which seemed to be in blast. Shade of Anthony Wayne! that so gallant and glorious a name should be desecrated to such purposes.

Jefferson City, the capital of the State of Missouri, barely acquits itself of the tolerable. It stands close upon the right bank of the river; the State capitol, a passable building, not being more than fifty or sixty yards therefrom. The locality does not seem to please the "natives" themselves, who think that St. Louis, or even Boonville, a comparatively flourishing village further up the river, would have been preferable.

Hermann, a German town on the right bank, looks pretty well, and as the centre of a busy culture of the grape, which the people manufacture into wine with much success, is quite an object of interest. The grape flourishes on the poor heights and knolls of the Missouri.

Independence, long famous as the starting point of the Santa Fe traders, is said to be going down. Kansas, a new place near the outlet of the Kansas River into the Missouri, and at the extreme West of the State seems to have, in a great degree, superseded it, though both are excelled in the opinion of the California and Oregon emigrants by the town of St. Josephs, or "Saint Jo," which is fifty miles further up. Saint Jo is now looked upon as *the* place to go to in Missouri, and to be hereafter a second St. Louis, but in nine cases out of ten these distinctions are shortlived and precarious. Council Bluffs, as being higher up, and at the head of good steamboat navigation, will probably become a great resort for those who wish to make fortunes in a short time by trading. I ought not to omit notice of Fort Leavenworth, which is so agreeably situated on an elevated and beautiful bluff on the right bank of the river. It is situated at about the middle of a Government reservation of six miles square, and is a truly charming spot. The land all about is superior, and the prospect commands a distant view of the Missouri, and a considerable tract of the Indian territory. In the neighborhood are the tribes and settlements of the Wyandots, Delaware, Shawnees, Osages, &c., which the policy—by some deemed questionable—of the Government has collected along this frontier. The fort is at present under the command of Col. Benj. Lloyd Beale, whose gallantry in Mexico, and in operations against the Camanche, the Apache and Utah tribes, is so well known, at least in the army and by the Government. Fort Leavenworth is the starting point for the now frequent trains and expresses for Santa Fe, though it experiences some inconvenience from being rather remote, thirty miles from the arsenal and depot for arms, &c., which is stationed at Liberty, Mo.

This post would be within the territory of the contemplated State of Nebraska, which I think would in many respects, be a very fine and desirable one. The climate is good, latitude of the Fort being 39 deg. 20 min. North, and 94 deg. 33 min. 30 sec. West. As for the soil, no better can anywhere be found. I do not think it can be very long ere the white man will call upon the Government to open this beautiful country for his use. Already the Delawares, inhabiting a large part of it, are agitating for removal farther West. The whites are pressing them, they feel, too severely and uninterruptedly.

I am getting ready for a journey on the Plains of a few hundred miles; and may send you a more interesting letter from the yet further interior. Truly yours, HESPERINUS.

☞ Sixty years ago our Government declared that it would not be "our interest *to cross the Mississippi for ages*!" and "*never* be our interest to *remain connected* with those who do." To-day it is our interest, both to cross and re-cross, in constant interchange, not only the Mississippi but the Rocky Mountains also. Oregon, California, and New Mexico, are at home in Washington, attending quietly to their own affairs, with Maine and Florida, in the common Capitol.—*Stockton's Address.*

☞ "Mr. Smith! the hogs are getting in your corn field." "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy.—Corn won't hurt 'em."

☞ There is said to be a great decrease of lawyer's business in England. When Mr. Justice Cresswell presided in the Civil Court, two years ago, he had to dispose of one hundred and eighty-one cases: this summer his labors were restricted to getting through sixty-six.

☞ Bishop Hughes has received a brief from Pope Pius IX. erecting New York into an archepiscopal see with Boston, Hartford, Albany and Buffalo, as suffragan sees, Bishop Hughes becoming archbishop.

☞ "Pappy, have guns got legs?" "No, James." "How do they kick, then?"—*Exchange.* Mike says they kick with their *breeches*.

☞ "Where are you going?" said George Selwyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

☞ It is now against the law to ride a man upon a rail in New Hampshire unless he pays for it.

☞ Speaking of family discipline, Old Roger remarked that Mr. Peppercase, his neighbor, in the treatment of children, reminded him of a game of ball—he was eternally *batting* them and they were always *bawling*.

☞ In the genuine notes of the State Bank of Ohio, there are as many human figures represented as the bill is worth dollars. If the counterfeiter wishes to alter the same bill to a larger one, as a $1 to 100, he would have to put in ninety-nine human figures—a think not easily done.

☞ New Reason for the Perpetuity of the Union.—A Western orator, haranguing his audience on the vast extent and overwhelming population of the American Republic, exclaims by way of climax, "Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but what, what shall we find timber enough for its coffin?"

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The Democrats have carried *sixteen* members of Congress, and the Whigs eight. The Democrats also carry the Canal Commissioner, &c. The majority in Philadelphia city and county for the amendment to the Constitution, is 13,511. In the State it will be large.

Ohio.—Wood (Democrat) is elected Governor. The Free Soilers ran a candidate of their own for Governor. The members of Congress elected, are 9 Whigs, 9 Democrats, 1 Free Soiler, 1 Abolition Democrat, and 1 Independent Whig. J. R. Giddings was re-elected. The Assembly will stand 35 Whigs, 38 Democrats, and 4 Free Soilers, from Trumbull, Geauga Lake, and Ashtabula counties. The Senate—18 Whigs, 16 Democrats, and 2 Free soilers from Randall and Butler counties.

Florida.—We have pretty full returns from Florida, which show the election to Congress of Mr. Cabell, the present Whig member. The returns generally are favorable to the Whigs.

New York.—Col. Webb has reached home, and has come out, in the Courier and Inquirer, *against* the Duer Secession party.

Excitement in Detroit.—As we go to press, we have a telegraphic account of a great excitement in Detroit, Michigan. The jail in which an alleged fugitive slave is confined, is guarded by the military. A meeting has been held of the citizens at which the Mayor presided, which denounced the recently enacted law—and a subscription was raised to purchase the liberty of the negro, if he should be declared a slave. The excitement is very great, and were it not for the precautions of the authorities, the alleged slave would be rescued.

Bishop Onderdonk.—The House of Bishops of the Episcopal Convention, now in session at Cincinnati, have refused to restore Bishop Onderdonk, and have rejected the petition of the diocese of New York, both by a majority of about 2 to 1.

A canon has been passed by the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, providing for the election of an assistant Bishop where the Bishop of a diocese has been suspended.

Clippings.

☞ The Washington Union understands that John Van Buren declared at the recent Democratic Convention, that he was no Free-Soiler, and that there was no such party. The Union adds:—"It is a pity that he had not made this discovery a little earlier."

☞ A lady was the other day describing to her husband some poor *but* decent people she had visited, and concluded by revealing the following climax of folly to which they had attained:—"And, my dear, only to think, they have a rag carpet on the floor—*and yet their children call their parents pa and ma*!"

☞ Let those who seek to marry their children for money, remember the admirable reply of the German girl to her father; who reproached her that her lover was lame. "Wilhelm pleases me," said she, "just as he is. *If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm, and how could I love him then?*"

☞ The Reverend Rowland Hill, in a conversation on the powers of the letter H, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being to all intents and purposes a *letter*, and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

☞ Jenny Lind's Birthday.—Jenny Lind is thirty years old, having been born October 6th, 1820. We have heard of no celebration of the glorious anniversary; but we presume her admirers find no cause of congratulation in the fact that she is 30 years old.

☞ Tom Thumb's house, now building at Bridgeport, is said to be a remarkable edifice in some respects. The little fellow has rather grand notions of space, and has planned for himself ample rooms, wide passages and lofty entrances, as if it were a mansion for Patagonians. In other respects we hear that the house is extremely well contrived, in all the arrangements, for the comfort of its inmates.

☞ A friend of ours says he is getting weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now, that he can't raise five dollars.

☞ America is now one of the chief supports of England. It is stated that the money sent by Irish emigrants to their starving relatives equals the whole of the Irish poor rates. Some two millions of the people of England are supported by the American trade.

☞ "Oh! ah! how very strange that one goose can suckle so many goslins!" exclaimed Miss Josephine Amelia Olivia Augusta, while paying a visit to her country cousin.

☞ The rumor that the Cincinnatians, when their water is too thick with mud, are in the habit of filtering it through a cane bottomed chair, is false. There is not a word of truth in it.

☞ Accounts from Algiers state that the attempts which have been made to naturalize the cotton plant in Algeria, appear certain to be crowned with success.

☞ The following pithy lines are from a collection of original Poems, by S. S. Harner:

THE ART OF WISDOM.

If thou would'st fain be thought a sage,
Think a volume—write a page—
And from every page of thine,
Publish but a single line.

☞ "How do you sell peaches?" asked a young gentleman yesterday, of one of the boys who deal in the article. "Two for a cent," was the boy's polite answer. "Two for a cent, sir?" exclaimed the gentleman, with apparent astonishment—for the peaches were very large. "Two for a cent!" and he began fumbling in his pockets; "two for a cent!" and he kept up the search with his fingers—"two of them peaches for one cent!" he repeated very deliberately. It was evident now that his fingers did not find what they were searching for. "Two for a cent!" he said once more, in a somewhat lower tone, and turning round to leave the basket, "Two for a cent!—well, by thunder!—that is cheap enough—if I only had *a cent*."

☞ A snuff-box, of a novel construction, and designed to supersede the necessity of using the fingers in taking snuff, has been registered in Birmingham. The box is inverted, and upon being turned up, two small cups are found charged with the titillating mixture, and ready to be applied to the nose.

☞ A letter from Paris in the Boston Post, says:—"France, you may depend upon it, must go through another revolution. All parties are dissatisfied with the present Constitution."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
When 'gainst a post he's bumped his head,
"Thunder!"

☞ An Old Fellow.—The immense tortoise sent as a present to the Queen of England, from the Cape of Good Hope, is one hundred and seventy-eight years old.

☞ Galen.—It was a chance that led to the conversion of Galen, who, though an atheist, was a strict observer of nature, but finding a skeleton, thought it of too wonderful a construction to be the production of chance.

☞ Lord Brougham, it appears, has lately been caught trespassing upon the Fishing Preserves of the Angling Association at Penwith. An ambuscade was laid for his lordship, and, he was taken in the act of "illegal net fishing." He has brought an action of assault against those who arrested him, and they, in return, have indicted him for violating a law prohibiting the use of a certain kind of net.

☞ The "man with the wheelbarrow" has at last reached California. When he arrived at Salt Lake, he found an opportunity of joining a company then about starting; so he left his faithful hand-carriage by the side of the road, and 'on he came a-whistling.' That man will make his pile."

☞ Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

☞ There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in its eternal progress.—*Dr. Arnold.*

☞ Great minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies, and can sympathise with the failings of their fellow creatures. It is only the narrow minded who make no allowance for the faults of others.

☞ The New York Sun says, child stealing is becoming a common practice in that city. Several cases have recently occurred, and it is said there is an organized gang of wretches who support themselves by means of this infamous practice.

Quick Witted.—An Irishman, having accidentally broken a *pane* in the window of a house in Queen Street, attempted, as fast as he could, to get out of the way, when he was followed and seized by the proprietor, who exclaimed,

"You broke my window, fellow,—did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Last week's news from Europe is not very important. The recent advance of ½d. in cotton was not maintained.

From an article in the *Moniteur*, Louis Napoleon's organ, it appears very evident that he is determined, if the National Assembly refuse to revise the Constitution, and extend his term of service, to appeal to the people. The article alluded to says:

Louis Napoleon desires no other prerogatives than those which he now enjoys. His sole object is the re-establishment of order, confidence, and credit; in a word, to close the era of revolutions. But, to accomplish the mission of peace which has been reserved for him by Providence, it is necessary that the power of the President should have stability and duration.

Louis Napoleon hopes then, that when the moment shall arrive for discussing the future conduct of France—that is to say, to constitute power definitely, or to decree anarchy—the National Assembly will comprehend the duties imposed upon it by circumstances, and the immense responsibility which it would assume in history if it were to hesitate to decree the immediate revision of the Constitution."

Therefore, if the National Assembly refuses to extend Louis Napoleon's term of office, this champion of the "re-establishment of order, confidence and credit"—this hero whose mission it is, "to close the era of revolutions"—will immediately "appeal to the people," or, in other words, attempt to overthrow the Assembly and Constitution, and revolutionize the Government. There is consistency for you.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in Calabria—and the infamous monarch of Naples is greatly alarmed. We trust he has good reason for being so.

The ignominious treatment of Gen. Hayneau, by the English, has aroused all the national feelings of the Austrian Government and soldiery. The wanton whipper has been again taken into favor—has been given a grand dinner by the Emperor, and is to be advanced in rank. The Emperor of Russia has also sent him one of his orders of nobility. This is but natural—tyrants love those most whom freemen most despise.

It is said that the dispute between Portugal and the United States, is to be referred to the President of France.

It is said that the Governments of Hanover and Bavaria will interfere in Hesse Cassell, to reestablish the authority of the fugitive Elector. Very probably—tyranny has it all its own way, for the present, in Europe.

Actacon Robbery.—The Mail Train for Baltimore, &c., was robbed of several bags, on Saturday evening last, either between this city and Gray's Ferry, or at the latter place. The rifled bags and letters were afterwards found opposite the Arsenal. They proved to be those made up at New York, on Saturday, for Wheeling, Richmond, and Raleigh, containing letters for Louisville, Nashville, Tuscumbia, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Memphis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Ohio, and Frankfort, Kentucky. The letters found filled a three bushel bag, and were sent back to New York, to be delivered to the writers. From the great number of drafts and checks found in the resident that the robbers extracted themselves with the notes only, rejecting every other description of promises to pay. No idea can be formed of the amount of money obtained, as the letters were not accurately examined, but there can be no doubt that thousands will be required to cover the loss. One letter among those found had contained over $700 in notes, written by Carpenter & Vermilye, Wall Street, New York, and addressed to R. H. Maury, Richmond, Va. There was also a box that had contained jewelry.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 126—adults 62 and children 64.

Miscellaneous.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD.

There can be no doubt that up to this time the discovery of gold in Califo nia, so far from being beneficial to the United States, has been of very great injury. It has withdrawn an amount of labor, capital and merchandize far exceeding the returns which have yet been received. The emigration from the United States, has, up to this period, been not less than 100,000 persons, and the average expenditure of each of these, has certainly not been less than three hundred dollars, which of itself would make an aggregate of thirty millions of dollars. From the opening of the trade, the shipments have not amounted to less than forty millions, and some estimates make it much larger, and it has been generally asserted, that these shipments have realized large profits, which by the way we are inclined to doubt. If that, however, is so, they should have realized fifty or sixty millions.

The value of the shipping which at the last dates was rotting in San Francisco, with but little probability of being able to get away from thence, cannot be less than ten or twelve millions more, so that altogether that country has swallowed up probably *one hundred millions of capital* and what has been received in return? probably about twenty, and certainly not exceeding twenty-five millions in gold!

But we have by no means exhibited all the injury which the country has suffered by this gold mania. The great bulk of the emigration to California consists of male adults, all of nearly full or whom were actively employed at home, in increasing their own and the nation's wealth, and each of them certainly producing by their exertions and adding to the national capital, at least three hundred dollars annually, of thirty millions of dollars each year. But in addition to the loss of labor to the country, various branches of business have been neglected at home. The lead mines of the West have been so much abandoned in consequence of the numerous miners who have gone in search of more valuable metal, that the price of lead has advanced greatly in the United States, and our people have now to pay not only a very heavy additional sum annually for the article, but instead of exporting it largely to foreign nations, we are now importing heavily from Spain, and paying foreigners for an article, which we have heretofore produced in our own country, cheaper than they could furnish it to us.

A large number of our whale ships have been withdrawn in order to engage in the California trade, or are unable to obtain their crews when they reach the Pacific, and the consequence is, the people of the United States are paying extra prices for oil and sperm candles, to a very heavy amount. An extra receipt of one hundred millions of gold would certainly not be an object to turn for what may be considered the balance due by California to the rest of the Union, including a reasonable allowance up to the present time for the labor of those now there, and a further annual receipt of fifty millions would be required to cover the future labor and supplies. What chance is there of such a result? What probability is there, that during the ensuing year we shall receive one hundred and fifty millions in gold from that quarter—and yet if we do not, California up to the expiration of that period, as one decidedly is at the present time, would be a very losing bargain to the Union.

But the present loss to the Union by the withdrawal of such a large and efficient population, from the ordinary pursuits of life, is by no means the full extent of the injury inflicted. In some of the new Western States, the population of whole counties have been sensibly diminished by this tide of emigration, in search of gold; the clearing and improvement of lands have been checked; the growth of towns and villages has been arrested, to say nothing of real estate, the value of which has been greatly depreciated. The loss of these improvements to the face of the country, is not a present evil only, but one which will be permanently felt in future years, and the aggregate of it, can hardly be over estimated.

To all this may be added the loss of thousands of valuable lives, which have been sacrificed in that land, barren in everything except gold. Such, thus far, has been the result of the acquisition of California and her gold, and we only wish we could entertain more favorable anticipations for the future, but we candidly confess we do not.—*N. Y. Bulletin.*

☞ There are in the prisons at Naples at present no less than 40,000 political prisoners; and the opinion is that, from the crowded state of the jails, the greater number of these persons will go mad, become idiots, or die.

OUR UNION.

[The fine lyric which follows we copy from the Vicksburg Mississippi) Whig:]

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sands,
And throbs in tears that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It lends its one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities gloss themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow encrowned with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling Western wave,
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the streaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of the nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!

Wherever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek with shame,
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's milder fame;
And wherever or above the fray the stars of empire gleam,
Upon the deck or o'er the dust it pours a common stream!

It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;
Nor the hunter's white haired children who find a home
Where nameless lakes are sparkling, and where lonely rivers roam!

Granne grew his sword at Eutaw and bleeding Southern feet
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;

But 'tis upon the parchment where the natal record shines,
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines!

Can ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart
That were written boldly there with plight of hand and heart?

Can ye erase a Hancock's name, even with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge!

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's heavy height?
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing fight?

Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or tread in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves!

Can ye rent lots for Vernon's soil, or shudder 'mid the gloom
That hangs in solemn folds about your common Father's tomb!

Or can ye meet around his grave as fratricide foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose!

Ye have not! in the Alleghanian thunder heard Jemmy,
Ye echoed where Nevada guards the lone and tranquil West,
Where ocean waves delighted sing our flowery Southern shore,
And where through flowering mountain aisles No Yankee wanders more! J. E. C.

A GANG OF BANDITTI IN PARIS.

An association of robberies just been discovered, established at Boulevile, in a remote street, by a gang of fellows of such society reminds one of the famous Cartouche and Mandrin. This troop, organized and governed by regular statutes of a most curious kind, and which are now in the hands of the police, had a captain, a lieutenant, a treasurer, two sub-lieutenants, four sergeants, and eight corporals. This staff had under its orders 120 men. Having been frequently in the hands of justice was the sole title to admission to the corps. These 120 communists formed 15 sections—each charged with the care of the encirclement of the capital. Each section was designated by a slang title or name—Les Compagnons, Les Tireurs, Les Soldatres, Les Emmenalleurs, Les Ramasseurs, Les Rats, Les Blanchisseurs, Les Fourlegueurs, et Les Demagres. It requires intimate acquaintance with thieves' slang to explain these terms. The captain and two sergeants of the troops were arrested on Monday, at the moment they were entering the court of the Treasury, with what objects they themselves best know. They were recognized by a police agent, who had been employed on a former occasion to arresting a sergeant of the troop, named Moulin by the world at large, but known by his brethren as Le Vignable; and it was this arrest which led to the discovery of the band.

The captain of the troop, who passed in society under the title of the Baron of Ardennes, is a gentleman by a good family, and has received an excellent education. He has been in the army, and has performed on the stage. He had for his mistress a beautiful young woman, who had been the wife of a captain in the Municipal guard, but who quitted her husband and family to share the fortunes of the adventurous baron. A curious fact is mentioned as connected with the doings of the Baron. He and his mistress were only the other day present at the ballet of the Violon de Bable, in a box close to the one occupied by the Napoleon Princes, and their idea was to deprive the distinguished strangers of the rich ornaments they wear in such profusion on their dress. That this was not done was merely owing to the accident of the director of the opera having offered his box to the Princes, which they accepted.

The sergeant named Merle, *alias le Vignable*, and whom the Baron had been always unwilling to admit in the troop, declares, among other interesting disclosures, that the chief of the section, *Les Ramoneurs*, is an apostate priest. The priest, disguised in the costume of an Indian missionary, only a few days ago succeeded in plundering an old lady in the Faubourg du Roule of 11,000 francs. He scrupulously paid over the amount to the treasury of the troop. His part, which was to have been issued on Tuesday, the payment of salaries took place fortnightly, was 150 francs; or at the rate of 300 francs per month. The captain was allowed two sergeant-at-arms for his own private use. They are now lodged at the Prefecture.—*Correspondent of the New York Sprit of the Times.*

A CURIOUS SECT.

The London Athenæum gives an account of the Ashley Down Orphan House in Somersetshire, England. It is the work of a new religious sect, known by the inconvenient and undesirable name of Crack and Mullerites, whose prime article of belief is—the power of prayer. Whatever they require, these people simply demand of God—and, as they allege, it is bestowed on them. The test, "Ask and it shall be given unto you," they adopt in its literal sense,—and with a result which is marvellous, if a tithe of what they assert can be accepted in their own literal speech. The sect of the waiters on Providence is likely to spread if they can establish their premises. Not to mention other matters, some time ago, Herr Muller and his followers took it upon their consciences to build a magnificent Orphan House. Their design was beneficent, the institution was greatly needed in the district; but instead of adopting the ordinary machinery of charity by appeals to the rich and benevolent—they simply told on their knees and appealed to Heaven.

The response came in from every corner of England, from many cities on the Continent and in America, and in every variety of form. From one contributor came a penny, from another a bank note, from a third an Ardent Suit. The farmer forwarded a cart of manure, the merchant a hogshead of sugar, the landowner the product of the sale of a tree cut down for the purpose.—Women send in their golden trinkets, men their clothes. Tables, chairs, sacks of flour, kitchen of bacon, sides of beef, beds, tooth-picks, coats, hats, shoes, wasthand stands, and so forth, came pour in in. The money contributions were halfpence, shillings, pounds; the latter in hundreds and in thousands. All these things came, it is said, as the issues of faith. What is certain is, the building is there, on Ashley Down. Its arrangement, proportion, completeness of design and detail, it is one of the noblest fabrics of the country. It is already occupied by three hundred children, and the means to pay off the last farthing of the cost, in the first instance, and is now maintained, are about to be employed for its further enlargement. No one is personally applied to for a farthing: the whole is left to the secret influences of the spirit. Yet, according to Herr Muller's statement, strangers, whom he has never seen, to whom he has not made known his case, have given him for his orphans not less than £13,000 11s. 11½, in answer to his secret prayers.

There are strange facts to record among the materials for the history of the times. Mormonism and Millerism, to the midst of railways, penny postage, and half penny steamboats!—Painting to the noble edifice, the founder says,—"It grew by prayer.—story after story, wing after wing, added themselves in answer to prayers offered on bended knees."

☞ Good.—The victory ever one's self, is worth ten thousand ever others.

General News.

Union Meeting.—A large and enthusiastic Union meeting was recently held at Natchez, Mississippi. Among the speeches made, was one by J. D. Shields, Esq., who introduced an account current of the advantages and disadvantages of dissolution. On the debtor side were the following items:

1. Pecuniary embarrassments greatly increased.
2. Political and religious liberty menaced.
3. Institution of slavery endangered.
4. Enormous taxation.
5. War with all its horrors.
6. *Privateers* would sweep the ocean, and *private tears* fill each household.

On the credit side of the account was—

Item singly—Military Glory!

And to attain such glory, Greek would meet Greek—Anglo Saxon, Anglo-Saxon; there could be no victory—victory would be defeat. The speaker pictured the gods of the ancient world, assembling to invoke a sustaining of the Union. Old Neptune, on the North Eastern coast; Vulcan, by the forges of Pennsylvania; Apollo, with his lute every where, and Ceres, with her horn of plenty at the South. Old Jove, who for the last seventy years had been living as a private gentleman in Philadelphia, where Franklin and he had become acquainted, had been lately placed at the head of the Post Office Department, and was now running expenses through the country. Let that lightning messenger go to the Aroostook and tell its people that we of Mississippi glory in the name of American citizens, and would not exchange it for a world.

The Fastest Foot Race on Record.—The great foot race which has been the chief topic with the "sporting men" for the week past, took place on Monday afternoon. The race was for $300, one mile. The contestants were, Hill, a boy of only 18 years old, of Tonawanda, and a Canadian Indian, of Montreal, a celebrated runner. The Canadian was exceedingly well made, with a strength of limb and compactness of frame rarely seen; while Hill was quite the contrary, wanting that filling up which age will give him. At the word they went off very even, at a race horse speed, Hill outlooking the Canadian handsomely. He made the first quarter in 65 seconds—continued to lead to the half, in 2 min. 15 sec. Just after passing the third quarter, he was taken with cramping in the side, and stopped, having to be helped in. The Canadian then passed, and made the mile in the unprecedented time of 4 min. 35 sec. Had Hill held out for the mile, even faster time would have been made.—*Buffalo Republican.*

A Negro Woman Without Ears.—The Rev. S. Benton, in a letter to the London (Virginia) Chronicle, says:

"Strange, but not less true, I yesterday saw a colored woman without ears; not only was she without the ears on the usual part of the ear, but there is no trace of a fortunet or passage for sonorous vibration—the meatus is entirely closed, yet she can converse with others, and distinctly hear their words, for which purpose she opens her mouth. Now it is the sound transmitted to the brain by means of the tympanum or drum of the auditory nerves with out the intervention of the drum and spoonful organs? This is an interesting question for physiologists. The woman belongs to Mr. James Robertson, near Caroline Court House."

A Good Hit.—During the late storm, the United States flag which floated proudly from the flag-staff on the Rotunda of the Astor House, was shattered into fragments, and a fine new flag has been substituted in its place. A party of sailors passing by the Rotunda on a few days since, one of them proposed to his comrades to enter and ship. "For faith and don't you see," said he, pointing to the flag, "the new owners has passed Congress, the stripes are no longer held in terror over our heads."—*Norfolk Argus.*

Wilmot's Defeat.—Mr. Seaw, the candidate in whose favor the withdrawal of two Democratic candidates resigned, asserts, in a letter to the electors, that he acknowledges the "Constitutional power of Congress to prohibit, by positive law, the extension of slavery into the territories of the United States, and also to regulate and control the exercise of this power." The Constitutional influence of this Government, he says, should be constantly on the side of freedom. Mr. Wilmot himself could not go further than this.

Jesse Lee and Daniel Webster.—In Boston, on Tuesday week, the distinguished statesman visited the "Nightingale." After ten minutes' conversation, at Mr. Webster was passing out of the room, Jenny turned to her companion and enthusiastically exclaimed—"Oh! I have seen a Man!—his very looks stamp him with greatness—he is one of the noblest of Americans!"

Fugitive Slaves.—Hon. J. R. Giddings affirmed, in an address at Cleveland, a week or two since, that any fugitive slave, having been brought into Ohio by the laws of the United States with impunity, as he could not again be refused to slavery, and that the Constitution, North and South had so decided. Is this true?

Chilean Fugitives.—The Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently adopted resolutions declaring the principles laid down by the Land Reformers to be clearly set forth in the Bible, and therefore entitled to the support of every member of the church.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1850.

Remarks.—There has been a fair amount of the wheat sown out and variety report. The reports upon the Pennsylvania crops have been exaggerated, and many of the reports are unfounded. Generally speaking the accounts of Corn, Sugar and Molasses are much reduced, and prices steadily maintained. Advices on England is steady at 1½d@2d per bushel lower. Flour is dull, but prices remain unchanged. Sales of 1,000 bbls Brandywine at $5.87½ for Extra, and 500 bbls Ohio at $5.50 per bbl. Corn meal is dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 bbls Penna. at $3.12½ per bbl. Wheat is in good demand, and prices steadily maintained. Sales of 5,000 bushels Penna. red at 90@92c, and 1,000 bushels white at 95c per bushel. Rye is in demand, and prices steadily maintained. Sales of 1,000 bushels at 60c per bushel. Corn is in demand, and prices steadily maintained. Sales of 5,000 bushels at 57@58c per bushel. Oats are in demand, and prices steadily maintained. Sales of 1,000 bushels at 30c per bushel. Whiskey is in demand, and prices steadily maintained. Sales of 100 bbls at 23c per gallon.

The following are the receipts, stocks and exports of Cotton from the United States, at the latest dates:

Exports to Great Britain since 1st Sept.	Bales.
1850	71,000
Same date last year,	79,000
Same time year before,	65,000
Stock in N York and ports of receipt,	45,000
Same time last year	115,000
Same time year before,	117,000
Receipts since 1st Sept., 1850,	54,000
Same time last year,	51,000
Same time year before,	104,000
Exports since the 1st Sept. to	
1850,	71,000
Same time last year,	77,000
Same time year before,	76,000

COPPER—Limited sales of Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal at former rates.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing; sales of 50 casks Soda Ash, and 200 casks Bleaching Powders, from the wharf, on private terms.

FEATHERS—Are scarce; sales of good Western, in lots, at 34@35c per lb, and inferior at 29c.

FISH—There has been rather more inquiry for Mackerel; sales in lots, from store, at $10,50@10,75 per bbl for No. 1, $8,50 for No. 2, and $6,50 for No. 3. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT—The market has been quiet; sales of 1,000 lbs Dried Apples at 2½c per lb, and sales at $1,50 per bushel.

GUNNIES—Grade continues various and in demand; sales at 37½c per lb cash.

HEMP—The market continues quiet, and no sales worth noticing have transpired this week.

HIDES—No sales, and none in first hands.

HOPS—Continues in limited request at former rates.

INDIGO—Market firm, but the demand is limited, small sales only.

IRON—The market continues quiet; the stock of Pig Metal is much smaller than usual at this time of the year, and prices are firm. The sales of Manufactured Iron are limited to assorting cargoes.

LEAD—Market quiet; a sale of 1,000 pigs Galena at $4.80 per 100 lbs on time, interest added.

LEATHER—There is no change to notice in the market this week.

LUMBER—Market quiet; sales of Laths at $1.40 per M, and Yellow Pine Box Boards at $13@14 per M feet. A cargo of Spruce at $22.

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, and the only sale reported is a lot of fair New Orleans at 30c on time.

OILS—Spermaceti—Spirits of Turpentine is in fair demand, and 3,000 lbs sold at 36c. Whale each on time. In Palm no sales have been reported. Sales of 2,000 lbs Neats foot at $1,31 per bbl for common, and $1,50@1,62½ for pale. A sale of Tar at $1,37½.

OILS—There is a good demand for all kinds of Fish Oils; sales of Crude Wharton at 35@36. Winter Sperm at 47½@48c, and bleached and bleaching Sperm at $1,50@1,55 per gallon. Linseed Oil sells at 70@75, and Boiled at 80@85c.

PLASTER—In scarce, cargo sales of Soft at $2,50@2,75 per ton.

RICE—Demand fair, and prices are steady; sales of 100 tes in lots at 3½@3¾c per lb cash and on time.

SALT—Two importers of 7x8,000 sacks Liverpool and Ground Salt have arrived, which were previously disposed of on private terms.

SEED—Clover seed is scarce, and ranges from $4,75 to 4,87½ per 64 lbs. Timothy is in fair request at $1,62½@1,68. Flaxseed is wanted; sales at $1,50@1,60 per bushel.

SPICES—No large sales have been reported, but prices are steady.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are dull, but prices are unchanged. N. E. Rum commands 30c. Whiskey has changed hands to a fair extent, sales of drls at 23c, closing with a large sales at the latter rate.

STARCH—A sale of 80 bbls at 4c cash.

STEEL—Sheet steel, and the assortment of a fair size advance, sales in 300 bbls Cable and Patent Refined at 6½@7, and Spring Steel at 7½ per lb on time.

TALLOW—In active; sales of City Rendered, in pipe at 7½c on time.

TEAS—There is a fair demand for all kinds, and prices are unchanged.

TOBACCO—The sales are confined to small lots for the supply of the city dealers, at full rates.

WINES—No large sales have transpired.

WOOL—The stock now held is about 70 bales, and has been in a depressed state within the range of 30@35c per lb, for common to full blood Saxony.

FREIGHTS—Engagements are quite dead, and the rates are nominal at 2½@3d for wheat, and 2½@3d for flour per bbl to Liverpool.

Sales of Stocks and Exchange.

Philadelphia, October 10, 1850.

PENNSYLVANIA			
Philadelphia loans	par		
U S bank notes	13 dis		
Chambersburg	1 dis		
York	1 dis		
Harrisburg	no sale		
Harrisburg	no sale		
Carlisle	1 dis		
Susquehanna	no sale		
Susquehanna	1 dis		
Wyoming	1 dis		
Wyoming	1 dis		
Lancaster	1 dis		
Lancaster	1 dis		
Lancaster

Selected Poetry.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasur'd still in many a dream,
They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Nor this alone—for many a mile
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
In summer's glory gay;
Through chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depth excludes the day,
We're borne away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race!

The wayside inn, with homelike air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no tears,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherish'd nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
Has found its rival here.
With speed like here we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,
A rude, but welcome chain
To bind us in a world, where ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
But here may try in vain;
To bring them near whom many an art,
Stern fate employs to keep apart.

THE PILGRIM'S YEARNING.

I would not live alway—Job vii., 16.
I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.—Gen. xlix., 18.

Not always on the journey, oh, my God!
Not always on the journey when the home,
The place Thou hast prepared for my abode,
Stands open to receive me when I come:
Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child?

It is a weary way, and I am faint;
I pant for purer air and fresher springs,
Oh, Father, take me home; there is a taint,
A shadow on earth's purest, brightest things:
This world is but a wilderness to me—
There is no rest, my God! no peace apart from Thee.

Come, gentle death, though I have feared thee long,
And thou art dreadful still to mortal sense
Come, thou art stingless now, I did thee wrong.
Thou shalt but aid me to escape from hence!
Come! I can meet thee, for the conqueror's arm
Upholds my shrinking soul, and shields me from alarm.

Looking to Jesus with a steadfast eye,
Clad in His righteousness, my robe divine,
Come! for thy boasted terrors I defy,
Poor, harmless, shadowy phantom, *He* is mine.
My life is bound in His, whose living word
Cries that the dead are blest when dying in the Lord

Selected Sketch.

THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY "UN MILITAIRE."

Within the past five years the United States have acquired among the nations of the earth the reputation of being a first-rate Military Power, and their claim to this distinction, which was formerly merely assumed, has been admitted to be a reality by all the chief nations of the world. This admission on the part of the trans-Atlantic Powers is one of the results of the Mexican War.

Until after the desperate battles of Buena Vista and those won in the valley of Mexico in the contest for the possession of the Mexican Metropolis, the existence of a military organization, equal to the exigencies of a foreign war, was regarded as entirely fabulous, both at home and abroad. It is true that the regular army of the United States is, and always has been justly garded, since the establishment of the West Point Academy, as unsurpassed in point of discipline, and thoroughly educated officers, but the numbers of the regular army, are now so insignificant in comparison with the extent of our frontiers, and with the formidable enemies with which our Government might be called upon at any moment to contend, that until the time when the exigencies of the Mexican War developed the vast military resources of this Union, our Government was regarded by the European powers as totally incapable of carrying war into an enemy's country, or even to maintain itself in its own territory, against the sudden invasion of a large and well-conditioned European army.

The yearly returns of the different States to the War Department at Washington, relative to the number of enrolled militia capable of bearing arms in the respective States, exhibiting a military force of nearly two millions of men, were believed on all hands to be mere paper statements, and in no way presenting an accurate or reliable estimate of our power. Hence when the declaration of the war with Mexico was announced on the other side of the Atlantic and the critical position of Gen. Taylor was understood, the journals of Europe were filled with prophecies of the certain destruction of our little army on the banks of the Rio Grande, and the consequent humiliation of the American Government. The news from the Mexican frontiers, which followed the declaration of war, astonished as well our own people as the people of Europe, and falsified the prophecies which had gained universal credence there. The time then arrived when the United States Government were to prove to all the world, that our popular form of Government was not so powerless and unwarlike as had been supposed.

A law passed through both Houses of Congress empowering the President to raise an army of 50,000 volunteers from the different States, for the invasion of the territories of the Mexican Republic. The requisition of the President for 50 000 troops was responded to by the instantaneous and voluntary enrollment of *Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand* men from all parts of the country.

The volunteer army thus suddenly raised, attracted at once, both the curiosity and the criticism of the whole civilized world. The experiment was a novel one, and the chances of defeat and annihilation, were in the minds of the most distinguished Generals of the old world, as ten to one against it. The battle of Buena Vista proved, however, that the obstinate valor of the Anglo-Saxon race had in no way diminished in the American people; and that the moral and physical courage of the American citizen could assume the place and produce the results of experience and discipline. It was a fortunate circumstance for our success, that the battle of Buena Vista was fought by volunteers; if the whole army then commanded by General Taylor had been composed of regular troops, the battle would have ended in the retreat of the American forces, and perhaps would have resulted in the annihilation of the whole army stationed on the Rio Grande. This opinion is not founded upon supposition, or in derogation of the established valor of the regular troops, but upon the statements of General Taylor himself, both in private conversation and his despatches to the War Department.

During the progress of this battle a large body of Mexican troops had gained the rear of the American army, and at the same time General Santa Anna ordered forward his reserve to crush the forces of Gen. Taylor by a simultaneous attack in front and rear. Under ordinary circumstances this movement of Santa Anna would have gained him the day, and Gen. Taylor says that if his command had been all regular troops, he should have fallen back and retreated, but he had only Volunteers, who were little skilled in tactics, and to order them to retreat, would have sealed their fate. At this moment the American troops were opposed on all sides, and the Volunteer commanders in different parts of the field, requested Gen. Taylor to send them reinforcements, or they should lose their positions. Old Rough and Ready had no reinforcements to send, and he saw that his command was virtually defeated, but understanding the peculiar nature of the men under his command, he practiced a bold but successful stratagem. "Tell Colonels so-and-so," said he, to the Adjutants who were sent to him to ask the reinforcements, "that they've got the Mexicans just where they want 'em, and now's the time to give 'em ——."

This information was conveyed to the troops, who reposed the utmost confidence in what their General said, and the tide of victory was turned. If the Volunteers had fought with desperation before, they fought now, as the Mexicans say, "*mas como diablos que hombres*," (more like demons than human beings.) The Mississippi rifle regiment dropped their rifles, and rushed with Bowie-knives in hand upon more than ten times their number of lancers, and so terrible and destructive was their charge, that the much vaunted *Lanceros* fled before them in dismay, and were driven far back before the Mexican line of battle, from whence they could not again be rallied. The regiment of heavy infantry plied the bayonet with equal vigor, and unwonted execution, until the victory rested with the American arms.

In summing up the numerous qualities which the Americans possess as a military nation, it may be asserted without presumption that they are equalled by no other nation now in existence. The armies of Europe are formed and made up, as a general thing, of the vilest dregs of the population; of men destitute of education or principle, and possessing only that brutal courage, with which wild beasts are endowed in common with humanity; they have no stake in the common weal, no hope of advancement, and are led or driven by the mandates of their commanders, without reflection and without regard to consequences. The *personnel* of an American Volunteer Army is entirely different. The Government has its choice not only of the most robust men in the community, but of those who have a predilection for warlike employment, who, consequently, devote their whole energies and influence to the service of the State. The Government is never under the necessity of mustering into its service a single man who has a repugnance to war, or who would be likely to fulfil the duties required of him in a lukewarm manner, nor is it obliged for want of better material, to accept of men of a weak mental or physical constitution. Those who have known the different corps of volunteers in Mexico must have remarked of what fine athletic men they were composed, and with what indomitable hardihood and perseverance, they overcame every obstacle opposed to them, either by the climate, the fatigue and exposure of long and tiresome marches, or by the enemy in the field. The general health of the volunteers in Mexico, even under the most unfavorable auspices was far superior to that of other armies, and though the climate destroyed three, where the casualties of war destroyed one, yet when all the circumstances of the case are considered, the entire loss by disease was extremely small.

It has been often remarked by historians, that the inhabitants of free countries are constitutionally brave, and are always formidable adversaries in the field; this principle was fully carried out by the American Armies. The majority of the battles during the last war, were characterised with part of our forces, by what would have been denominated desperate, or reckless courage, if there had not been exhibited at the time, a degree of prudence and discretion, which is not only the better part of valor, but its chief and distinguishing trait.

But there was one great moral principle that operated powerfully in sustaining our armies in Mexico against the adverse circumstances which were opposed to them throughout the war, which often tore victory from the very jaws of defeat and disaster, and it is this moral principle which will hereafter, more than all other causes, contribute to our future triumphs. This is the excessive State pride, which, though it was never manifested in the daily intercourse of the soldiers and officers of different States, yet on the field of battle became the strongest incentive to desperate acts of courage. In no instance was it more fully illustrated than at the battle of Cherubusco, by the New York and South Carolina regiments. These two battalions numbering in all scarcely twelve hundred men, were suddenly engaged by upwards of fourteen thousand of the enemy, who had been concealed from view by the walls of a large Hacienda, and though under other circumstances, such excessive disparity of force would have warranted the Americans in falling back, yet neither the New York nor South Carolina regiment would begin the retreat, but both jointly continued the fight until more than half of each regiment was destroyed, at which juncture they were fortunately joined by the main body of the American Army and rescued from entire annihilation; and it is not assuming too much to say that if those regiments had not received timely assistance, not an officer or soldier of either of them would have lived to tell the tale.

If double the number of troops from a single State had been thus engaged by an ambush force of ten times their number, they probably would have fallen back to wait for reinforcements, and they might have done so without disparagement, but such was the development of State pride throughout these two commands from the commanding officer to the youngest private, that they would have died on the spot, rather than have it said that either of them left the troops of another State still on the field. This by no means is an isolated instance, for every battle in which the volunteers were engaged, illustrated the same principle. Added to the superiority which the powerful influence of State pride will always give our volunteers in the field, are the peculiar and distinct characteristics of the Northern, Southern and Western troops, which though not interfering with each other, or diminishing the joint effect of the whole, would sorely puzzle and discompose an enemy. The troops of the North exhibit, as soldiers, the same correctness and precision in all their manœuvres which distinguish them as citizens; they are seldom startled from their propriety by unexpected success, or discouraged by adverse occurrences. Persevering, to the last moment and strictly attentive to the orders of their commanders, they prefer the bayonet to the cartridge, as giving them the best opportunity of doing their utmost in the most scientific and effective manner. They may safely be led against adversaries superior in number or discipline, and on account of their general intelligence may be fully relied upon in desperate situations when panics would be liable to arise among troops of a different character. The troops of the South manifest in battle that hot-headed and chivalrous demeanor, which is proverbially their characteristic as men; they seldom wait an attack when it is in their power to commence it, and their shouts and battle cries define their positions in the charge to friends and foes, when the dust and smoke of the conflict shut them from the sight. When Southern troops retire from before an enemy, the battle may be rightly regarded as desperate, and the day as lost.

The Western troops are, as it were, a kind of mixture or cross between those of the North and those of the South. They are universally a rollicking, reckless sort of soldiers, who, to all appearances, fight an enemy merely to prove which are the better men. Their fondness for what they designate "*Bar fights*" frequently draws them into positions in which nothing but the most determined courage and good fortune can save them from utter destruction; nor does frequent experience deter them from engaging continually in this desperate kind of warfare. They manifest a great deal of generosity to a vanquished foe, especially if he has fought well, but they despise the coward, who deprive them of their "sport" by showing the "white feather." The weapons which they prefer and which they use with great effect are the rifle and the bowie-knife—and when operating as light troops their courage and sagacity are unequalled. When operating in masses, the execution which they do with their rifles is actually terrific, and creates panics in the best disciplined troops which often subject an enemy to serious disasters. Cases have been known where whole battalions of Mexican lancers have been instantly annihilated by a single fire of a Western regiment, and such was the fear of them during the late war that it finally became an impossibility for a Mexican officer, to bring his mounted troops to charge against them.

Those different modes of engaging an adversary, when combined in a large army, are sure to put him at fault in his dispositions for action. If he joins battle with the troops of the North he is opposed with stern and untiring energy. If repulsed by them, he charges upon the soldiers of the South—he is encountered midway by the furious counter-charge of a chivalric soldiery, a defeat by, or victory over whom, is almost equally disastrous. If allured by the apparent want of discipline, manifested by the Western forces, he concentrates his cavalry upon their regiments, he sees his squadrons decimated before his eyes by their rapid fire and unerring aim, or driven back beyond his own line of battle in confusion and dismay.

The experience gained by the Mexican troops in the first battle on the banks of the Rio Grande was of but little service to them in subsequent actions; each new contest put them at fault by developing some new peculiarity, requiring for its treatment a different set of tactics, until the results of a combination of the whole at Cerro Gordo, and in the valley of Mexico, struck a lasting terror of the American arms into the Mexican army, and scattered it to the four winds.

General Santa Anna himself after having employed in the different engagements, all the known tactics of modern warfare to no purpose, and disheartened by the unaccountable success of the Americans, and his own continued reverses, exclaimed in utter disgust, that he had "known some soldiers to fight for glory, some for money, and others for their country; but the Americans were the only ones of all he ever knew or had heard of who fought for fun, and it was of no use to contend against them."—*Golden Age.*

Wit and Humor.

BARNUM "DONE" AT LAST.

Mr. Burkhardt, the musical editor of the *N. Y. Sunday Dispatch*, tells a capital story at Barnum's expense, and we must, just for the fun of the thing, give the story to our readers:

On the day of the first concert, Mr. Barnum informed the fair Swede, that her share of the concert would be no less than 10,000 dollars, and probably would be much more, whereupon Jenny, in the excellence of her heart, determined to give it all to charity. Mr. Barnum, who, with an eye to business, at once perceived how many "*charity concerts*" could be *saved* by this move, was delighted by this proposal, and told the lady, that he would, if called before the audience, announce the fact. At this proposition, the modest charity of M'lle Lind at once revolted, and she distinctly requested of him not to do so. Her lawyers were called, and the 10,000 dollars were at once disposed of to *twelve different charities*, after the manner which has already been published.

Evening came, and in time the concert came to an end, and Mr. Barnum (having previously given the particulars of the donations, to gentlemen of the press) could not resist the temptation, of publicly announcing the fact, and reading a full statement of the donations, much to the chagrin of M'lle Lind.

And now comes the cream of the joke. Quite a number of the highest priced seats had been purchased by irresponsible persons, and had never been called for, and for once Mr. Barnum had "counted his chickens before they were hatched." Miss Jenny Lind's share of the receipts instead of amounting to 10,000 dollars or over, as he had fondly hoped, turned out to be about 7,000 dollars, and there was a considerable deficiency between that sum and the sum already given away in charity.

Mr. Barnum, with his heart overflowing with charity, repaired to "that angel," and informed her of the melancholy fact, that he wanted about 3,000 dollars from her, to make up the sum of her donations.

"I gave away all my share of the concert," said the Nightingale, "what more do you want?"

"But my dear Miss Lind, there are not 10,000 which you appropriated, and which I publicly announced, and had published. You must fulfill your—oh, I beg pardon—*our* promises."

"And so *they shall* be fulfilled, and you will fulfill them. Hark ye, Mr. Barnum," and the fair Swede's eyes lighted up with the fires of charity, "you have made this announcement, have given publicity to this affair, have made a boast of my charity, to answer your *business* purposes, and have distributed money for me before I had it, and now you will pay all you have promised, for my name shall not be sacrificed by these shortcomings, neither will I give more than my share of the receipts."

Barnum. But what are we to do? I can't pay it out of my own pocket. I never ——

Lind. Oh, yes, *you will* be charitable, for I know you are so, (as she said this, a most expressive smile lit up her countenance,) and you will pay this small deficit.

Barnum. But I can't, I won't; I never did such a thing ——

Lind. But you will this time, or our contract is at an end. I will give concerts on my own account, and you may sue me for damages.

And Barnum had to consent, but he has kept his own charity a profound secret, whilst Jenny—glorious Jenny—has never yet stopped telling the story, or laughing over it. Barnum says it was the first time that a woman got the better of him in "a matter of business."

A RATHER SEVERE JOKE.

The Racine Advocate tells of a joke put upon a deacon in those diggings:—The Post-Master stopped at his store on Sunday morning, and the deacon seeing the door open went in to hear the news. A pack of cards lay partly strewn on the counter, and the deacon began to talk about the sin of using cards at all. At this juncture, another member of the church came in (the Post Office was in the store), and all at once the Post-Master, placing his finger on a couple of cards on the counter, exclaimed—

"Now, deacon, I tell you this won't do. The queen always takes the jack, and the ten the nine, and so down, if you don't attend you will never learn the game. That jack is a good card, but my queen takes it, counts me one point, besides one on count for game."

"Why, neighbor!" exclaimed the horrified deacon, "what do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say," was the reply, "the queen takes the jack, and it's mine—you might have trumped with it, and saved it long ago; now this jack, with low and game, puts me out."

At this moment the surprised member, who had just arrived, turned round, and cast a reproachful look at the deacon, who became at once indignant, and quitted the store without explanation, much to the merriment of the joking Post-Master.

Of course the horrible tale was soon told of the deacon having been caught playing cards on Sunday. He was cited to appear before the church for his backsliding, and as the evidence was complete, would have been convicted and severely punished, in spite of all his protestations of ignorance, had not the funny Post-Master made his appearance in the nick of time, as a witness in favor of the deacon, told a round, unvarnished tale, and procured for him an acquittal. It is said, to this day, the deacon has an increasing horror of cards, and though he feels a conviction that the "queen will take the jack," and that the jack can take the deacon, yet he has an utter aversion to giving his "high, low jack."

GETTING INSURED.—The Troy Post relates a "good one" of Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who, hearing of the loss of one of his vessels, which he had omitted to get insured, wrote to a broker with whom he had spoken on the subject, as follows:—

"*Dear Friend*—If thee has not filled up the policy which I bespoke on Seventh day, thee need not, as I have heard from the vessel."

The broker in fact had not filled up the policy, but presuming from the tenor of Jacob's note that his vessel was safe, and tempted by what seemed a good chance to clutch his per centage without risk, he filled it up forthwith, and sent it to Jacob with the assurance that it had been made all ready for him on Saturday. On Monday morning, the first thing that met his eyes on opening his newspaper, was the loss of Jacob's vessel, which he had so wickedly insured on Sunday. Then, also, he discovered the ambiguity of Jacob's note—"he had heard from the vessel!"

KISS COTILLIONS.—The editor of the "Windsor Journal"—a very obstinate sort of a bachelor—learns that "Professors of dancing" in New York have recently introduced a new style of cotillion, called "Kiss cotillion," the peculiar feature of which is that you kiss the lady as you swing corners. The editor is a crusty sort of person, who never dances, but says he would not mind waiving his objections to the amusement so far as to "swing corners" now and then, in this cotillion!—the selfish scamp. He reminds us of an old lady who had an unaccountable aversion to rye, and never could eat it in any form, "till of late they have got," she said, "to making it into whiskey, and I find I can, now and then, worry down a little."

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When Nicholas Biddle—familiarly called Nick Biddle—was connected with the U. S. Bank, there was an old negro named Harry, who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey—

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"

"Harry, sir—ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his sleepy hat.

"Old Harry!" said Biddle, "why that is the name that they gave to the Devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometime ole Harry and sometime ole Nick."

A SENSIBLE PROPOSAL.—A "local preacher," who once said "he didn't like church parsons because they was book larnt," was recently conducting a religious service, and on opening the Bible unfortunately stumbled upon a chapter almost full of hard proper names. He began to read as if he were a perfect master of pronunciation. Presently he came to a hard, long name. He paused; he attacked it; he got into the middle of, he went back and tried it again; at last he trampled right over it, and then coolly said, "Let us turn, dear brothers and sisters, to an easier chapter."

AN "ABOLITIONER" IN THE PALMETTO STATE.

The following amusing story, in reference to "TAKING THE CENSUS IN BARNWELL," we find in a late number of the *Charleston Mercury*:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Not long since I was travelling through a certain portion of this district, pursuing my avocation peacefully and diligently. I carried a pair of saddle-bags, and had my blanks, &c., swung upon my back. I am willing to allow I may have resembled "a suspicious character." About the hour of twelve, I reached a house, and over the door was written, in large letters, "Best Liquors," wherein were congregated several persons of the surrounding neighborhood. Thinks I to myself, "I will not only escape the scorching rays of the sun, but will add many names to my list." I hitched my horse, and as I approached, heard one of them say, "there comes one of the d—d rascals now." I know not at that time what he meant, but, to my cost, I soon discovered.

"Mister, I s'pose you are an abolitioner, ain't you?" said one, as they all gathered around me.

I perceived they had been drinking, and were pretty much "how came you so" or "half seas over," or what might be termed neither drunk nor sober; in fact, they were in that state that might be considered most dangerous to a man whose appearance did not please them. I stated my business in a very submissive manner, for I saw that mischief was afoot; still they doubted me. I then showed them my commission, signed by the United States Marshal.

"It's all a forgery, boys; let's search him. He's a regular abolitioner, I can tell by his looks; let's search him and then tar and feather, or hang him."

I began to feel uneasy. I knew not one of them. They were all half drunk, and appeared determined. In vain I stated to them that I was a prominent officer of the United States—they only "wished it was Fillmore himself instead of me;" and while I most strenuously denied, they insisted upon, the "right of search." Their will, at the time, was law—might was right, and resistance was useless. They gave my pockets, saddle-bags and books a thorough investigation.

"He ain't got a cent," said one. "That's the way all them Yankee rascals travel."

"Tar and feathers," said all.

Perspiration now flowed freely. I looked at my horse, but there was no chance to reach him. I was surrounded—completely hemmed in.—Thinks I, this bangs creation.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am no Abolitionist. I am a native of this district—never was out of the State in my life." (I had been in Augusta once, but thought it better not to mention it.) "If you tar and feather me, you will degrade an innocent man—not only the United States but the State of South Carolina will suffer in my person."

I intended to make a few more remarks, and might have reached a climax of eloquence that would have deterred them, but just at this moment a detachment of eighteen or twenty candidates arrived, and, although they were somewhat gratified at the proceedings (not liking a former letter I wrote to the *Mercury*), they kindly rescued me, and after a while, I went on my way rejoicing.

I have numbered on my list about ten thousand and have not found a single maiden lady over thirty years. They can't live in this country beyond that, when they either die or get married.

I have been invited to preach upon two occasions; and, although I do not wear peculiarly sanctimonious expression, I have been called upon to pray frequently. As you have seen, I have been taken up once for an abolitionist. I have been requested to marry a couple. I have killed one fine horse, and broken a buggy into atoms. I have rode more, asked questions oftener, and slept sounder at night than any living man. Further, deponent sayeth not.

Your old friend,
ASSISTANT OF BARNWELL.

HANGING.—A Scotch parson in his prayer said—"Laird, bless the great Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied,—"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better. I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people."

"But, friends," said the parson, "I dont mean as that fellow does, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a *strong one*!"

A LITERAL SERVANT.—"Please, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"

"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."

Off she started. At night, Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen.

"A candle—why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?"

"Faith, marm, *I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as ye tould me this morning!*"

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Rainy and rough sets the day,
There's a heart beating for somebody;
I must be up and away—
Somebody's anxious for somebody.
Thrice has she been to the gate—
Thrice has she listened for somebody;
'Midst the night stormy and late,
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire—
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One, in her neatest attire,
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the star's fled from the West,
There is a star yet for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best—
Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat o'er the chair
There will be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care—
Love's fond embracement for somebody;
There'll be *the little one's* charms—
Soon they'll be waken'd for somebody;
When I have both in my arms,
Oh, but how blest will be somebody!

THE LABORS OF A JOURNALIST.—"We could wish those gentry, whose criticism is expressed in the order 'stop my paper!' no worse punishment than a week spent on the wheel of a newspaper. They would soon find the situation too hot for them. They would acquire some notion of severe drudgery, of which they are now in blissful ignorance. Multifarious particles of matter, each of them insignificant in itself, yet important in the general combination, to be selected, analyzed, compressed, to please a diversity of tastes without offending any; reports to be stripped of their verbiage, and transformed into a presentable shape; comments on topics political, literary, commercial, esoteric as well as popular, to be obtained or prepared; paragraphs to be written on every imaginable subject, from a monstrous gooseberry to the revolution of an empire; correspondence to be licked into shape; for the *Bruin* and the *Deer* often require a great deal of correction; in a word, all the local events of the week, and all the striking incidents of the four quarters of the globe, *i. e.*, its N. E. W. S. to be cooked upon the gridiron of memory. All time, too, a flood tide of 'unavoidable matter' comes sweeping along, crumbling away plans, destroying arrangements, and making the heart sick with the ever-beginning never-ending toil. Talk of the hardship of six upon four on board ship!—certainly it is disagreeable to lack beef when you abound in appetite, but it is nothing near so bad as the newspaper's ill—a month's reading and writing to be got through in a week, and whole volumes of matter to be crammed into a few slender columns."—*Tait's Magazine.*

FRANKLIN.—President Sparks has written a letter in regard to the imputations which have been long current against Benjamin Franklin, of having been made subservient to French interests in his negotiations during our struggle for independence. He says he has read all the correspondence relating to this subject, in the British and French offices, and that he does not hesitate to declare that the rumors in question are without a shadow of foundation. Such an idea, he says, "is not sustained by a single paragraph or fact in all this voluminous mass of papers, although he often appears as a prominent actor in our complicated foreign relations. On the contrary, he is every where presented in the character of a true and steady patriot, wise and consistent, sagacious and firm, bold and persevering, and not a whit behind the most ardent of his compatriots in asserting his country's liberties, and maintaining her rights."

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.—During an earthquake that occurred a few years since in the South, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, and at the same time, surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old lady, said,

"Mother ———, are you not afraid?"

"No," said the mother in Israel; "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world."

That mother in Israel still lives in Mississippi, an ornament to the Presbyterian Church.—*Presbyterian.*

Selected Articles.

FROM DICKENS'S "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

WHAT HORSES THINK OF MEN.

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

I suppose you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you, I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character! He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me, by-the-bye, that he is a distant relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realization of the woodcut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green—there were so many Mister Greens—and they were all so very green.

But that's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You'd go to see anything that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to "the vulgar curiosity," as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you'll tell me, no it isn't; but I say, yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese princes, I should like to know? Why, there has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving, in genteel houses this last season, on account of those Nepaulese princes, than would have taken place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know anything about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trowsers, and sprinkled all over with gems (like the clock-work figure on the old round platform in the street, grown-up), and they're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner, and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionize, as you call it. Can you suggest anything? It's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see the hippopotamus. Oh, you're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away so much wiser than when you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of the creation—eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese; but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our proprietor's usual stand. That's the way we have come into communication, we "dumb animals." Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

"At the request of my honorable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen years, and am now driven by a Man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

"The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler animals—and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse—has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a man knows a horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself, within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with dogs. I have seen a good deal of man in my time, but I think I have never met a man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of horses and dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in anything but horses and dogs—except cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilized world.

"It is very doubtful to me, whether there is, upon the whole, anything man is so ambitious to imitate as an ostler, jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that fires him with emulation; but if there be, I am sure it is connected with horses or dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider to be very remarkable. I have known lords and baronets, and members of parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands, by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

"All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority, which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive anybody. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do anything in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon to commit a fraud; man must come in at that point, and force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me is, that man (whom I take to be a powerful species of monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very name of our kind has become a by-word for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game—and yet this creature will play falsely with us!

"Man's opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational horse knows. But justice is justice; and what I complain of is, that mankind talks of us as if we had something to do with all this. They say that such a man was 'ruined by horses.' Ruined by horses! They can't be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by men; but they lay it at *our* stable-door! If we ever ruined anybody, or were ever doing anything but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfil the useful purposes of our existence!

"In the same way, we get a bad name, as if we were profligate company. 'So and so got among horses, and it was all up with him.' Why, *we* would have reclaimed him—*we* would have made him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible—what harm would he ever have got from *us*, I should wish to know?

"Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have found him, I should describe man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances toward the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship, is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood—particularly at a steeple-chase—and is very ungrateful.

"And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us, too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be,) in the streets and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of men are put astride upon those images of horses, for I don't find any famous personage among them—except one, and *his* image seems to have been contracted for by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys, it appears to me, but it is something to find man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

"It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of man, that he erects no statues to the donkeys—who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great claims upon him. I should think a donkey opposite the horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar-Square, and a group of donkeys, in brass, outside the Guild Hall of the city of London, (for I believe the Common-Council Chamber is inside that building,) would be pleasant and appropriate memorials.

"I am not aware that I can suggest anything more to my honorable friend the Raven, which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed—as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer."

There! How do you like that? That's the Horse! You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty of 'em, and they are all down upon you. It's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

THE QUAKERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

FROM HOWITT'S COUNTRY YEAR BOOK.

George Dilwin was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago he came over to this country, on what we have already said is termed a "Religious Visit," and being in Cornwall, when I was there, and at George Fox's, in Falmouth—our aged relative still narrates—soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching, but from his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages in his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after, that a general invitation was given, by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer, to all the Friends of the town and neighborhood, to come and hear and see him; and evening by evening, their rooms were crowded by visitors, who sat on seats, side by side, as in a public lecture-room.

Among other things, he related, that during the time of the Revolutionary War, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forests around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress, they retired at night, still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then was their surprise and cause of thankfulness, when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their inclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance; and thus the whole people were saved, and had great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again, a similar circumstance occurred near the sea-shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with such unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken, without net or skill of men—a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought fresh tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran to his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution, that they were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and, before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this, he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which, an Indian observed, that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that, on finding the door open, it was said—"These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American Revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence. Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves.—The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians, in ambush, believed that he had deserted his principles, and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but, at length, letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed that she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them.

TOLERABLE.—"What kind of soil is best adapted for the cultivation of rye?" inquired a man the other day. Our agricultural knowledge was inadequate to a solution of this question.

"Very dry," drily observed Ezekiel; "for every one knows that *in dust ry* must prosper."—*N. Y. Pathfinder.*

Agricultural.

STEAM APPLIED TO AGRICULTURE.

ATTENTION, MAKERS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

In a late English agricultural gazette, a writer remarks: "A time is fast approaching when the plough must give way to a better and more effectual instrument; if not the spade, it must be nearly assimilating in its effects." The spade has been proved so superior to the plough, that many of our farmers begin to think of returning to that primitive method. This will never do; onward is the watchword. Why should we not have *a spade steam-engine?* My idea of such a machine is, that it should be a revolving box containing teeth; on the outside of the box, on one side, three rows of spades, opposite the same number of forks, six in each row; thus the machine would contain eighteen spades and as many forks. The spades to raise the sods and conduct them into the box; as the box revolves, the spades would rise and the forks descend and loosen the subsoil; as the forks left the subsoil, the earth to fall from the box and spread again on the land thoroughly pulverized by its revolutions in a well-toothed box. The engine to be worked by steam power, and moved by a couple of horses. Machinery for agriculture is far in the wake of every other thing in England. There are many works on the steam engine in regard to its application to mines, mills, steam navigation, and railways, but no aid for the farmer."

In his beautiful "INQUIRY INTO THE HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE," Mr. Hoskyns takes this distinction between spading and ploughing:—

The plough, and all the instruments that follow it, are only the "animal-power" substituted for that more perfect process accomplished in brief by the spade, when worked by the foot, held by the hand, and directed by the skill and *purpose* of manual labor. This is what mechanical power must imitate; not the sluggish cleaving of the ploughshare, which only splits up an unbroken seam of surface, making a *fulcrum* of that which lies below, and thus pressing and polishing the subsoil year after year into barren and impermeable induration, which the roots of no annual can penetrate. This is but the first of a whole series of imperfect processes, not one of which it is even desirable to imitate; not one of which is *necessary* where the spade can be used.

Why then should we wish that *ploughing* should ever be done by steam-power, stationary or locomotive? What we want is not ploughing, but *cultivation*—that process which the farmer by necessity performs in three, four, or five acts, not half so well as the gardener accomplishes it in one. As well might we expect to apply successfully the boiler and cylinder of a locomotive to the pole of a four-horse coach, or the shafts of a wagon, or the level handle of a common pump, or the distaff and spindle of a cotton spinning-wheel, as attempt to gear on the power of steam to the elaborate clumsiness of a plough. In every case where steam has superseded animal labor (as it is its mission to do), it has demanded to be harnessed to the work with a harness of *its own*; it has rejected old fashioned tools and their appliances, and has seized at once the shortest means to its object. Instead of the leverage of the horse's leg, pulling at the axle-tree, it seizes at once upon *the wheel*, and drives it round; and instantly (by that law of occult affinities above alluded to) a demand is raised for *the most perfect surface* for the wheel-tire to run on; the iron rail is supplied, and Mr. M'Adam, though a very good dog in his day, is discarded. So, again, instead of working at the pump-handle, it seizes at once upon the sucker-rod and drives it up and down. Instead of wasting time and labor in the back-and-forward action of *the oar*, it drives along the vessel by the continuous stroke of the paddle-wheel, or, still more simply, by the screw. But of all its triumphs, the greatest and the most astounding was when the puzzling problem of *the spinning-wheel* presented itself! Here was the foot, the thumb, and finger, the directing will, all at work at once, and all to be imitated and superseded; the very moisture of the skin requisite to the rolling and hardening of the twist as it was pressed between the fingers! What an operation to attempt by the dead rollers of machinery. Under the full glare of such a precedent, what upon the same earth, it may be surely asked, declares that the act of inverting and crushing a clod of soil should present an insurmountable or an unprofitable task to steam-driven machinery? I say "inverting and crushing," for in those two acts lies the problem of cultivation. In a dry climate it is simpler than under our moist atmosphere, for we are obliged to chop the soil instead of crushing it. If we analyze the act of cultivation, as performed by the spade, it is as follows: The blade is pressed to the requisite depth into the soil, the handle is then bent down, as a lever, to lift the slice, which is turned over, and dropped into the trench top downwards; the under surface, thus exposed, is then chopped and cut, in order to admit the atmosphere, which, in fact, is the real fertilizer after all, and to expose the soil to which as fully as possible is the whole object of cultivation. It is hardly necessary to point out how imperfectly this is done by the plough. Instead of inverting, it turns the soil only half or three quarters over; it goes through it like a wedge, squeezing it from its bed, instead of raising and loosening it. It is true it breaks the soil if light, but it is the heavy soils that most need breaking; and, in proportion as the furrow slice is broken, it often drops back, and the inversion is less complete. It leaves the surface weeds either actually peeping at the edge of the furrow-slice, or, if concealed, yet seldom sufficiently buried to be destroyed; but what is worse, it does all its work at the expense of the subsoil, which, year after year is worn, and sometimes polished to a case-hardened surface by the repeated pressure of the share, and the stamping of the iron-shod hoofs that drag it. What can offer a more forbidding and impenetrable barrier to the *descending* roots than such a pavement as this meeting the sponge-like fibres that are destined to find nourishment for the stem, and which begin to seek it at the greatest depths, just when the plant is in the latter stages of its growth, forming the grain in the ear? This evil the spade entirely avoids; it neither hardens nor loosens the subsoil; it leaves it precisely in its natural state moderately stiff, a condition perhaps the safest for plants of the grain tribe, which require a firm footing to carry their long stem, though for the more succulent tribes of root crops a subsoil broken to a greater depth is desirable.

The plough is certainly a better cultivator upon a light than upon a stiff soil. It is upon heavy and retentive clays that the superiority of the spade is pre-eminent. Here, therefore, is the great field for improvement; what we want upon the clays (which embrace so large a portion of Great Britain) is a mode of cultivation which may be accomplished without the treading of animals or any *traction* at all of the implements of tillage across the worked land. In pursuing, therefore, the subject of cultivation by steam, the idea of the plough is a misleader. What we want is not to plough the land, but to cultivate it; and if, as I have endeavored to show, the plough and all its subsidiary implements are a mere substitute for the spade—and on stiff soils in a moist climate, a very expensive, cumbrous, and imperfect one—the object of the inventive machinist will be better directed, as well as simplified, by discarding it altogether from his thoughts, and concentrating his attention on the action of the spade.

The gardener scarcely permits a dog to walk over a bed that has been newly worked; yet the farmer is obliged to let his whole team of horses, with all his heavy implements, pass over his land many times after the cultivation is finished; and even after the sowing is done, the seed-harrows do but skim and film over the dismal work made in damp weather by the tread of the horses that draw them, and the previous implements. On heavy land, in a moist season, this is most pernicious; in fact, it limits the cultivation of such soils to seven months out of the twelve. Now all attempts at cultivation by steam seem to have failed chiefly for this reason, that the experimentalist has set out with the idea of an instrument that is to be drawn backwards and forwards across the field, like a plough, either by a locomotive or a stationary engine. No such necessity exists. The spade is not *drawn across* the field; it acts perpendicularly upon the spot it is applied to; separating, lifting, and inverting each spadeful in succession, neither damaging by any farther pressure the soil it has once moved, nor hardening the subsoil.—*Plough, Loom, and Anvil.*

ONIONS.—Mr. Chase, Porter Village, Maine, has, this year, raised a large quantity of onions. His crop has yielded him over three hundred bushels per acre. The soil is a loam, washed from the surrounding hill, and the manure used is from the barn-yard. Similar success has attended Mr. Chase's efforts in former years.

PLANK ROADS.

"Gov. Floyd, of Virginia, is now on a visit to the State of New York, to inspect the plank roads and other great improvements of the Empire State."

When at Albany, a few weeks ago, we inspected the plank road just completed from that city for some twelve or fourteen miles into the country, and shortly expected to be extended much farther; and, while we have no doubt of the availability of these roads, when constructed with a due regard to the convenience of travel, we must confess our disappointment at the policy which dictated, with respect to this road, the laying down of a *single track eight feet wide.* From the position of the track laid, too, we were satisfied that another track was not intended to be put down, so that we took it for granted that the road we saw was finished, it having at that time been thrown open for travel for some weeks. It was to our mind a most imperfect structure; as every reader can imagine for himself, when we inform him that the width of the space planked was eight feet, requiring at the meeting of two vehicles a turn out upon the soft ground on either side of it, which, in moist weather, must not only be a most tiresome and toilsome work, but a dangerous one, when we regard the liability to upset, as one wheel is upon the hard plank and the other in the mire, to say nothing of the straining and fracture of the wagons. So serious, indeed, would this great inconvenience be, where the amount of travel is considerable, that in many cases the plank had better be abandoned altogether. In summer and during at least one-half the year, the dust also upon these roads—and there is abundance of it from the earth which is thrown upon it to preserve the planks—becomes very annoying, and is rarely laid for more than a few hours after a rain.

Where the plank is provided to a sufficient breadth, and firmly and evenly put down, much greater loads, with much less strain upon both wagon and horses, can certainly be drawn; but we are not prepared to say that the effect upon the horses, of this constant travel upon an unyielding surface, will not prove seriously injurious to them in course of time.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

NEW SPECIES OF COTTON.

Col. Greene, whose highly cultivated plantation is on the island opposite this city, (Savannah,) has left on our round table, where they can be seen by the public, three branches taken from cotton-stalks now growing on his ground. The seed from which the cotton was grown were sent, about two years since, to the late Capt. Swinney, of this city, by whom they were given to Col. Greene, with a view to ascertain, by planting them, the qualities of the species; but Col. G. did not learn the name of the cotton, nor from whence the seed came. This is the second growth from the seed, the first planting having given him only a few stalks, from which he saved the seed which he planted this year. The stalks now standing, measure about five feet in height. The limbs are from twelve to fourteen inches in length, and are covered with bolls, some of which have opened, yielding a short staple cotton of remarkable fineness. The greatest peculiarity of the plant is the large number of bolls which it bears—as many as one hundred and thirty having been counted on a single stalk, and ten bolls on a limb only that number of inches in length. The boll opens freely, and the cotton adheres well to the boll, which renders it less liable to be beaten out by the weather than ordinary cotton. The limbs, from which the stem of the boll shoots, not at the joints or forks, as in other cotton, being short, the plant can be more closely cultivated than any other. Col. Greene thinks that four plants could be accommodated on the space ordinarily occupied by two. The plant has the appearance of being very hardy, and certainly is—judging from the flourishing condition of those on Col. Greene's plantation—well adapted to our soil. But few of the bolls on the limbs in our possession are matured, and as we did not learn the time of planting, we are unable to speak of the time required to bring the species to maturity. Col. Greene, whose judgment in such matters is better informed than our own, thinks very favorably of the species, both in regard to its quality and productiveness. Perhaps some of our planting friends have received some of the same seed, and will be able to give the public further information in regard to it.—*Savannah News.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters
My 1, 5, 17, 10, 18, 20, 12, is a country in Europe.
My 3, 7, 5, 11, 4, is a number
My 13, 2, 12, is a beverage
My 15, 4, 10, is a preposition
My 21, 20, 10, is one of the four elements
My 16, 17, 3, is a household article
My 6, 17, 19, 15, is a kind of fowl
My 8, 3, 7, 11, 16 is contained in air.
My whole is the name of an Emperor, and of the country over which he reigned.

REBUS.

A sounding vessel, one of the Middle States, a great illuminator, an amphibious animal, a place in the Feejee islands, a proper name of a male; the initials of these will spell the name of a city in America the finals, one in England. WILL.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The length of the armed room in which I am now engaged at teaching, is to its breadth as three to two If it were a square, having its sides equal to the length, it would contain 220 square feet more than it would were the sides of the square equal to its width What are the dimensions of this room?

C. WALTEMEYER
Stewartstown, Pennsylvania.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?
Ans.—Absence of body.
☞ Why is the letter D like a squalling child?
Ans.—Because it makes ma mad.
☞ Why is a profitable office like an empty snuff-box?
Ans.—It is not to be sneezed at.
☞ Why is a cellarman at a liquor store like a magician?
Ans.—He raises spirits from under ground.
☞ Why is a mimic like a scrivener?
Ans.—He is always copying.
☞ When are nuts insane?
Ans.—When they are cracked.
☞ Why ought an epigram to resemble a jelly bag?
Ans.—It should be pointed at the end.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

ENIGMA.
Sallie Case.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A leg from the stool of repentance.
An eyelash from the eye of a needle.
A receipt on the bill of a chicken.
A quill from a tailor's "goose."

The Olio.

STOVES.—Nineteen out of twenty families in the country, and probably in cities, use stoves. We have sometimes heard it said that stoves consume as much, or more wood, than the open fire place for cooking. In most cases, stoves are used without any thought or consideration with regard to controlling the air, but it is the custom to give them all the draft they will admit. An experiment was made with a thirty-two gallon kettle, by giving it all the air we could, by opening the door wide, and then by giving it but a small opening, just sufficient to make the fire burn freely; and fifteen minutes was gained, and at least one-third part of the wood saved.

A little reasoning upon the subject will, I think, convince any one, that a strong current of cold air admitted continually, (we mean more than is wanted to make the fire burn freely) would not be a benefit, but an injury. Most people think when the fire makes a noise, or roars, as some call it, their kettles will boil the sooner, but it is a mistake, no more air should be admitted than to make the fire burn freely.—*Boston Rambler.*

THE HUMAN VOICE.—In speaking of the range of the human voice, the editor of the Medical Times says:—There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles, ditto, 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these, independently of different degrees of intensity.

THE FATE OF SOPHIA MATILDA.

Sophia Matilda—beauteous belle!
Resides in the city of notions;
Her pensive eyes, like the timid gazelle,
A touching story would seem to tell
Of love and its kindred emotions.

All the day long she sits and sighs,
Gazing at nothing particular;
Now at the window observing the flies,
Now at the book, on its sill that lies,
Now sidelong, and now perpendicular.

What has blighted a flower so fair?
Say, oh! say, Sophia Matilda.
Why so dishevelled that beauteous hair,
That once was plaited with so much care?
Ah! why is it now "out of kilter?"

Mournest thou still thy faithless swain,
Whose amorous cooings and blinkings
Ensnared thy heart by a "coup de main?"
Who called himself "Augustus Tremaine"
When his real cognomen was Jenkins!

Oh! Jenkins, false Jenkins, wherever thou art,
Beware of the vengeance that's due thee;
There's one thing alone can protect thy false heart,
With *mail* that is *hard* line thy tenderest part—
Beware! oh, beware! for she'll sue thee!
—*Boston Post.*

DYSPEPTIC PRECEPTS.

1. Eat your bread, especially leavened wheat bread, hot from the oven. Never let it be a day old. Bread two or three days old is a terrible anti-dyspeptic.

2. Take a very little exercise, but let that little be always just after meals, never just before them.

3. Sit up late at night, and be abed late in the morning. Early hours and exercise before meals are worse against dyspepsia, if possible, than bread two or three days old.

4. Do not laugh or talk much, nor read aloud, nor sing; but sit moping and thinking about your stomach.

5. Smoke or chew tobacco—I do not say a great deal, because if you begin, the great deal will be almost sure to follow.

You may heighten the efficacy of the above rules, in various ways—by taking alcoholic drinks, for instance, ever so moderately; or by eating from a variety of dishes at the same meal—the greasier the better—or by taking a snack between every two meals.

But these latter refinements and additions are superfluous. You may rely upon the five precepts to give you, or to keep you as beautiful a case of dyspepsia as ever baffled a doctor or worried a patient.

By way of filing up, allow us if you please, gentle reader, to add:

1. Let the soles of your shoes be very thin, that dampness may easily penetrate.

2. Seldom if ever ventilate your room, especially your sleeping room. Let the atmosphere be confined and impure as may be.—*Surgical Journal.*

For Housekeepers.

PEAR MARMALADE.—Take large fine juicy pears. Pare, core, and cut them up into small pieces. Weigh the pieces; and to every two pounds allow a pound and a half of sugar, and the grated peel and juice of a large orange or lemon, adding a tea-spoonful of powdered ginger. Put the whole into a preserving-kettle and boil it over a moderate fire, till it becomes a very thick, smooth marmalade, stirring it up from the bottom frequently, and skimming the surface before each stirring. When quite done put it warm into jars—and cover it.

For children, or for common family use, it may be made with large pound pears and brown sugar; but it always requires the acid of orange or lemon to make it palatable; pears, when cooked, having no acid of their own.

FIG MARMALADE.—Take fine fresh figs that are perfectly ripe, such as can only be obtained in countries where they are cultivated in abundance. Weigh them, and to every two pounds of figs allow a pound and a half of sugar, and the yellow rind of a large orange or lemon, pared very thin. Cut up the figs, and put them into a preserving-kettle with the sugar, and orange or lemon-rind, adding the juice. Boil them till the whole is reduced to a thick, smooth mass, frequently stirring it up from the bottom. When done, put it warm into jars, and cover it closely.

RED FLUMMERY.—Boil a pound of ground rice in as much water as will cover it. When it is thoroughly boiled, and very thick and smooth, stir into the rice (while hot) a half pound of powdered white sugar, and about three gills, or six large wine-glasses of fresh currant or cherry juice, that has been pressed through a linen bag. Next replace it on the fire, and boil the whole together for about ten minutes, stirring it well. Then put it into moulds, and set it on ice. When cold, turn it out, and eat it with sweetened cream, or with boiled custard.

You may use the juice of fresh strawberries or raspberries, stirred in while the flummery is hot, but not boiled afterwards. The flavor of strawberries and raspberries is always impaired and weakened by cooking.—*From Miss Leslie's Receipt Book.*

Advertisements.

THE PHILADELPHIA
CHEAP BOOK STORE,
OLD STAND,
North-West Corner of Fifth and Arch Sts.
ROBERT E. PETERSON,
PROPRIETOR.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has been long and favorably known as the Cheapest Book Store in the Union, and where there is always to be found a very extensive and valuable collection of books (both foreign and American) in every department of literature. A Catalogue of the entire stock has been published, which will be sent to all who may address the Proprietor, (post paid.)

JUST PUBLISHED—
THE NATIONAL COOK-BOOK, By a Lady of Philadelphia—a practical housewife. 1 vol., 12mo. Sheep, 75 cts.
"The only Cook Book worthy of a housekeeper's perusal is the National Cook-Book."—*Graham's Magazine, October, 1850.*
"Here is a book for the ladies, worth a thousand magazines, filled with fashion plates."—*Pittsburg Post.*

ALSO—
THE CLOSING SCENE; Or, Christianity and Infidelity Contrasted, in the Last Hours of Remarkable Persons. By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M. A. 1st American, from the 3rd London Edition. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 700 pp., $1 25.
"This most interesting and instructive volume will find its destined place on the shelves of many a domestic as well as public library, and will often be referred to by those who read for higher purposes than mere passing amusement; though even as ministering to innocent recreation of the mind, it is rich in resources. It will attain, we venture to predict, a still higher and rare distinction; it will be one of the few books of those whose husbanded funds do not permit them to possess many."—*Darlington Chronicle.*

ALSO—
THE RELATION BETWEEN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES AND SOME PARTS OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE. By Rev. John Pye Smith, D. D., LL. D., &c., &c. New Edition, much enlarged and improved. 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, $1 50.
"I regard this work among the most instructive volumes that has issued from the press since the revival of letters, and for this reason—that it constitutes a link between Religion and Natural Science—studies which have hitherto been as isolated as if they were incompatible with each other."—*S. G. Morton, M. D.*

ALSO—
THE PASTOR'S WIFE; Or, Memoir of Mrs. Sherman, of Surry Chapel, London. Edited by her husband, the Rev. Jas. Sherman, Pastor of Surry Chapel. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with portrait,—2nd edition, $1.
From the Philadelphia Christian Observer.
"This is an interesting memoir of a Christian lady whose life was a bright illustration of the hallowed influences of the gospel in the culture and development of all that is lovely and of good report in female character. In the words of the Christian Witness—It is 'one of the most tender, beautiful, instructive and edifying narratives, that for a long time has come under our notice.'"

THE PRINCIPAL PROPHECIES AND TYPES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, WITH THEIR FULFILMENT; ARRANGED IN THE VERY WORDS OF SCRIPTURE. FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia. 1 vol., 24mo., 20 cts., or $15 per hundred.

THE CHURCHMAN'S MANUEL. By the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, D. D. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 75 cts.

THE HISTORY OF A POCKET PRAYER-BOOK, WRITTEN BY ITSELF, by the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, D. D. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 16mo., cloth, 50 cts.

The above works are very highly recommended by Bishops Potter, Doane and the religious press generally.

THE BOOK OF CAGE BIRDS. By Henry B. Hirst. Fourth Edition. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 75 cts.

The above valuable publications of Robert E. Peterson's are for sale by booksellers generally throughout the Union. All orders from a distance filled with despatch, on reasonable terms.

ROBERT E. PETERSON,
Bookseller, Publisher and Importer,
N. W. Corner Fifth and Arch Sts., Old Stand.
oct12-3t

MISS JANE MILLER would call the attention of purchasers to her STRAW and FANCY MILLINARY Establishment, 89 North SECOND St. A large assortment of Bonnets, Caps, Children's Hats, Flowers, and a variety of Fancy Articles, which she will sell at the lowest prices wholesale and retail. Ladies who are disposed to patronise their own sex are particularly solicited.
N. B.—Bonnets repaired. my18-1y